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VOL. X. NO. 45.

WHOLESALE KIDNAPPING.

CHILDREN OF THE POOR A SUBJECT OF TRAFFIC.

The New York Juvenile "Asylum" Misappropriates a Workingman's Children and Spirits Them Away—Wonderful "Spontaneous" Letters From Infants.

When millionaire Cudahy's son was kidnapped, the multi-colored capitalists took on a violent fit of red ink. Kidnappers that lasted for several weeks. Kidnapped altogether is their conduct when not one but hundreds of workingmen's children are kidnapped, and even when the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court puts its official endorsement on the crime, these papers remain as silent as the tomb. It remains, therefore, for the DAILY PEOPLE to tell the remarkable tale of the legal kidnapping that is practised daily in New York and elsewhere.

Here are the bold facts:

About four years ago an Italian cheese peddler, named Giuseppe Billotti, had the misfortune to lose his wife. She left behind her three children, James, Annie, and Rosie, aged respectively twelve, nine and five years. The father struggled along as best he could until the month of September, 1897. He was then advised by some friends to turn his children over to the New York Juvenile Asylum, a corporation formed under the laws of the State of New York and doing business under charter granted it in 1851. Its business was to take children whose parents were too poor to support them, or who were committed by the Magistrates Court on the grounds of destitution or incorrigibility and provide them with shelter and education until they became of age. Billotti took his children to the Juvenile Asylum and agreed to surrender them for two years. He was allowed to allow the children to remain until they attained their majority, but he was blank refused to do so, as, like all parents, the love for his offspring was deep seated. It was a hard matter to part with his little ones even for two years, and he did so only when he realized that by that time he would be able to care for them well.

When the two years expired, Billotti went to the Juvenile Asylum and demanded his children as per agreement. To his astonishment and dismay he was informed that his children had been shipped west eighteen months ago, and he was to go and retrieve them.

Billotti in frenzied sorrow returned to his home in Crosby street and consulted with his friends. They advised legal proceedings. A well known lawyer, Michael J. Scanlan, treasurer of the St. Patrick's Paul Society was engaged. He went before Judge Bischoff of the Supreme Court and on the facts recited above he secured a writ of habeas corpus.

The writ was served on the Juvenile Asylum officials and was later argued before Judge Lawrence of the Supreme Court. He decided against the asylum officials. In handing down his decision he said:

"Under a voluntary surrender by the father of the three children mentioned in the petition to the New York Juvenile Asylum for the period of two years, within a few months after such surrender the asylum assumed to appropriate said children to certain parties in the State of Illinois; the girls until they were eighteen years of age, and the boy until he should become twenty-one years of age. This is conceded by the counsel for the respondents in his brief. And the position is taken that there is no difference between the case of a child who has been voluntarily surrendered for a limited period and one who has been committed to such asylum by a police magistrate. This position is untenable. A voluntary surrender for a limited period clearly does not confer power upon the asylum to indenture the child beyond that period and during the entire time of his minority, as has been done in this case."

He closed by ordering the Juvenile Asylum officials to produce the children twenty days.

So far all was well as far as the legal side of the case was concerned. It looked as if the asylum officials were about to be made to suffer for their high handedness. But they had not played their last cards, as poor Billotti learned to his sorrow.

They proceeded to make the following moves:

First, they had the three children returned to the father and in the course of three days they spirited the boys away to Illinois once more, but fortunately failed to get the girls who will not under any consideration leave their father.

Secondly, they appealed from Judge Lawrence's decision to the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court.

When the appeal was argued a number of affidavits from the officials of the asylum in the west were read. All of them testifying with statements as to the happiness of the children and their devotion to remain with their kind employers.

The following are two affidavits typical of the rest and are worthy of reproduction here:

"I, James H. Wright, being duly sworn,

WEEKLY PEOPLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY FEBRUARY 2, 1901.

PRICE TWO CENTS.

RIVERS AND HARBORS.

GRAND SCRAMBLE FOR PAP WITH INCIDENTAL UNPLEASANTNESS.

The Long Delayed Santa Claus Grab-Bag Is Finally Thrown Into Congress—Incidents in the Grabbing—Over-Jealous Official Crookedness Betrays Its True Inwardness.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 25.—The absorbing topic during the week in Congress has been the discussion in the House of Representatives on the appropriations for River and Harbor improvements. Even to those familiar with the proverbially notorious "River and Harbor bills," this one offers many surprises. The bill carries approximately in appropriations for the next year, \$22,000,000. It, however, authorizes contracts to be made in the future, for which appropriations are to be carried on future sundry civil bills approximating \$40,000,000. In all the bill opens vistas for a total of not less than \$62,000,000.

The common spectacles upon which the curtain is raised regularly every time a River and Harbor bill is introduced are all in plain view now. This appropriation bill, more so than tariff bills, act like chunks of meat thrown into a kennel of hungry dogs. The appropriation is mainly intended to satisfy the brutes. Fortunately, however, they cannot all be satisfied; the chunk of meat, however big, is too small to go around. I say fortunately because in the struggle to get a piece the dogs bark and snap at each other, and in shameless way "tell on one another." Thus many a point, that would escape the uninitiated, is brought to his notice by the barking—the debate.

Thus one incensed canine, Cushman, from the State of Washington, finding himself left out very much in the cold, brought out the fact that the volume of the appropriations was made for the States that preponderated on the Committee, with the bulk of the States left out either wholly or treated "step-fatherly." And, not satisfied with impeaching the Whole Committee, he made this vicious snap at Representative Burton, of Ohio, the chairman of the Committee, which, as Representative Cushman claimed, was particularly generous towards Ohio. Mr. Cushman said:

"Yes, my early geographical training was certainly at fault. In view of the enormous appropriations made in this bill for this 'seaboard' State of Ohio, if I were called upon now to give the boundaries of that confined Commonwealth, I would say:

"The State of Ohio: Bounded on the east by the Atlantic Ocean; bounded on the west by the Pacific Ocean; bounded on the north by the Great Lakes, and bounded on the south by the Gulf of Mexico—and the chairman of the River and Harbor Committee."

Another set of furious men were the Representatives from States bordering on the Missouri and on the Mississippi, from St. Louis down. The recommendations of the Committee contemplate the discontinuance of the Missouri River Commission, which "implies a slight upon the Mississippi river." These gentlemen were greatly angered. Both figures and epigrams were fired at each other. The Missouri was nearly \$11,000,000 on the Missouri river, the navigation was now less than it was thirty years ago, as if such a fact were not galling enough, these gentlemen were treated repeatedly to ex-Speaker Reed's epigram: "The Missouri is not navigable, and the Mississippi ought not to be."

The long and short of the wrangle is that, out of the 357 members of the House, 340 are opposed to the bill. This, however, does not mean that the bill will not pass, substantially as it is. On cooler reflection, our "representatives" will agree that it is better to get even a crumb than nothing.

What stands out on the face of the debate is a thing that also stands out on the face of another debate, which of and on has been going on at the other end of the Capitol, the debate on the Ship-subsidy bill, and that is, that crookedness carries along with it its own rope to hang it by.

In the Senate, the more tremendous the disadvantages are shown to be under which our ships labor in the competition with foreign carrying ships, all the ranker becomes the odor of the fraud that underlies the Ship-subsidy scheme. The more tremendous the disadvantages (our ships labor under, all the more insufficient does the proposed subsidy appear. All the more evident becomes its sufficiency as a loot. So in the House with the River and Harbor bill. As the Representatives rise one after the other to show how large the amounts are that their respective localities need to improve their waterways and harbors, and how pressing these improvements are for "the safety of life and promotion of commerce," one should imagine that they grip themselves from accepting "the pittance and inadequate appropriations," and that, on the other hand, the Committee, being informed of the inadequacy of such appropriations, would withdraw them altogether, if it was unable to raise them up to the "adequate" figure. But nothing of the sort happens. There is a general understanding that a certain amount of appropriation or corruption fund is fixed upon a paper, and thereupon the gentlemen accommodate themselves as well as they may, by grabbing who can, and he keeping who has the power. In both cases crookedness, official corruption exposes itself by protesting too much.

IN THE FRENCH CAPITAL.

The Radicals are Now "Working" a "Pope Scheme."

The "Intellectual Kangaroos" of France, beaten in their first game of "Socialist unity," by the class-conscious Gueudists, have devised a new scheme with the same object in view, but far more comprehensive, it seems, than the "Dreyfus affair."

"To save the Republic" is a paying business. They would gladly save it every fortnight. In the "Dreyfus affair" they saved it from "the Army," they now propose to save it from the Pope. This is the meaning of the Socialist Radical, Marcel Sembat's interpellation of the Ministry and the Pope, that is creating so much sensation.

To save the working class from Capitalism would be a very different "affair," for instance, reach the next election with Millerand still at the head of the Ministry of Commerce. By that time, through the immense patronage at his disposal, he would be able to do the "new method" and the Kautsky resolution.

Until then, the "Intellectual Kangaroos" must save all they can. They must, command, they will have organized a vast army of office holders, chiefly drawn from the "bourgeoisie" (or middle class), and the "intellectual" "declassés." Of course there will also be in that army a number of "pure and simple," fully entitled by their machinations against the class-conscious French socialist Labor Party to represent the interests and aspirations of the "proletariat" (or wage working class).

In other words "Socialist Unity," a la Kangaroo, will be an accomplished fact in France. The various "schools," regardless of their "theoretical differences," or "abstract tenets," will march together on this one broad, practical platform: "Save the Republic every day and get what you can out of it." If the "narrow, sectarian" (Gueudists) still refuse to fall in, they will be declared, together with the Pope and "the army," enemies of the Republic.

In fact, by that time—such is the fond hope—the French Socialist Labor Party will hardly be worth noticing. There will not, it is expected, be much or many left of them. The wage-workers, from among whom they must recruit their adherents, will, it is hoped, have lost all class-consciousness. This middle class issue against the Pope and the Catholic congregations—so runs the scheme—will surely carry them away; sidetrack them, indeed, bear fully.

For it is essentially a middle-class issue, as every one can see except that "blind, stupid working class," fit only to be led by "Intellectual Kangaroos" to its damnation. Nor is it a new one by any means, as the Voltairian "bourgeois" of the French Revolution, who first raised it and enriched themselves by it, might testify. True, when the confiscated estates of the church had passed into their thieving hands, they duly apologized for the revolutionary sacrifice by sending their wives to the convent and their sons to the seminary. And the church, always meek, always forgiving, always absolving, prayed for them. Now, however, the church is rising and the middle class is declining. By degrees, through the patient, steady workings of her Jesuits and Passionists and other congregations, the church is getting back more property and of greater value than she ever possessed, and it all comes from the overmortalized, overtaxed, over-matched middle class. Great Voltair! Can this be tolerated?

Well, who ought to care? Surely not the French working people, who possess nothing and who, so long as the present system lasts, can never possess anything. Surely not, at any rate, the class-conscious French Socialist Labor Party who, with the eye of science, clearly sees in the middle class and its intellectual bamboozlers the only remaining barrier to that Social Revolution, by which alone despotism in all its forms—economic, mental, and moral—can be swept away from the face of the earth.

This anti-Pope scheme will fall of its purpose. The French Socialist Labor Party, caught napping in the Dreyfus scheme, is now wide awake.

A FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

The members in this vicinity of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, of which P. J. McGuire is general secretary-treasurer, are very much aroused over the printed financial statement of the receipts and expenses of that body.

The discussion is raging about two items that appear in the report. The first is:

"Checks supposed to be in transit, \$4,109.98"

This amount that is "supposed" to be "in transit" is put down as cash on hand. The second item which the members claim looks even more suspicious is:

"Drawn out by check (no date) \$3,000.00"

The membership is asking how can an auditing committee certify to the correctness of that which is SUPPOSED to be? Again they inquire how can a check for so large a sum as \$3,000 be drawn and no date appear to give an inkling as to what the check was drawn for.

Again they are asking how it happens that the whole financial report was not issued up to July 31, instead of September, 1900, as the constitution demands.

It is known that one of the late officers absconded some time since, and the general officers did not, it is claimed, make extraordinary efforts to capture him.

Important developments are said to be in the wind.

CAPITALISTS AFFRIGHTED.

REVEREND DR. STRONG, CAPITALIST FUGLEMAN, SOUNDS WARNING.

Shows Danger to Capitalist Class From Growth of Large Cities—Real Fear From Revolutionary Proletariat, Is the Bug Under the Chip.

Rev. Dr. Josiah Strong, the well-known bourgeois authority, who wrote "Our Country," and other works for the warning of the capitalist class, spoke last Sunday afternoon at the West Side branch of the Y. M. C. A., West 57th street, upon the subject, "The Twentieth Century City." The address, the substance of which is reproduced below, by a DAILY PEOPLE reporter, was remarkable as showing how some of the capitalists are beginning to recoil from the monster—the criminal elements—they themselves have produced (and to which they belong); as showing their impotency to control the situation; their fear to follow out their own arguments to their logical conclusions; their indifference to the real necessities of the working class—no mention about higher wages or shorter hours or how to get homes for the workers—and finally it shows that their greatest fear is from the revolutionary proletariat.

His address is plain when the problem before him is considered—to enlist the workers for their own undoing and at the same time get their help in the present Good Government movement to overthrow the expensive set of slum political middlemen, Tammanys, the capitalist class employers. Dr. Strong spoke in part as follows:

"The problems of the new civilization are all involved. The government of the city is the great political problem of the Twentieth Century as the bringing into harmonious relations of its various social and industrial classes is the great social and industrial problem of the Twentieth Century."

"These evils are aggravated by the marvelous growth of the city. It took New York one hundred and seventy-five years from its founding to raise a population of 2,000,000, while during the twenty-one years ending in 1890 it gained 850,000. At the beginning of the Nineteenth Century there were in the United States only six cities with 8,000 inhabitants or more; in 1890 there were 280; in 1900 443.

"The growth of the modern city is due to three causes:

"First, the application of machinery to agriculture. A government commission in 1890 reported that a farmer, with three men and machinery, now does the work formerly done by four or five men. What becomes of the other ten? They are forced into the city."

"The second cause is the springing up of factories in the city for the manufacture of this agricultural and other machinery and other articles, thus drawing workers into the city."

"Machinery in the former case increases the number of men; in the latter it does not eat any more than it did one hundred years ago, while as to the consumption of manufactured articles there is no limit except the limit of the purse."

"But there is another cause, and that is the railway which makes possible the transportation of people and food. Heretofore, there was a limit to the development owing to the difficulty of famines in London repeatedly when corn was rotting on the ground a few leagues away, because the roads were so execrable. Now, however, owing to the railway, if there were 30,000,000 of people here in New York City, it would still be entirely possible to feed them."

"These three causes have all come to stay. These are permanent causes and therefore the tendency they create is a permanent tendency. To attempt to reverse this tendency would be as futile as to issue a bull against a comet. And I believe that the cities of to-day are but villages compared with the cities that are to come."

"We cannot dodge the problem of the city and it is of the utmost importance for us to meet it."

Dr. Strong then went on to show the great danger to the general health arising out of the modern city and advocated better sanitation. Nothing, of course, about regulations to fumigate the capitalist class out of existence, nothing about better wages.

He evidently only feared danger to his own class from disease.

He next took up the problem from its "moral" aspects, and showed the bourgeoisie sent all over by saying:

"As men come into closer relations it becomes highly important that they should be quickened in their sense of responsibility to the performance of their obligations. It makes comparatively little difference how a farmer lives fifty miles out in the country, but it makes a great deal of difference to the rest of the world how a bank cashier lives. He may bring disaster to thousands." Wonder if the doctor had lost money thro' some Alford.

Continuing: "Is there the moral growth we need?" he said, stating that the roots of morals run down to the home and church: "In Boston, only 48 per cent. of population own their homes, and here in New York only 6 per cent. The larger the city, the more valuable the land. It is entirely possible to have an ideal home in a tenement house—possible—but I think you will grant that—the larger the hotel and restaurant population the smaller will be the home population. (!!!)

"How about the church? In Boston fifty years ago there was one Protestant church for every 1,200 of population; now one to every 1,202 of population; now one to every 2,500; in Chicago in 1836, there was one Protestant church to every 1,000 of population, now there is one to every 3,800 of population."

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"All this indicates a tendency, and tendencies are prophetic. Prolong that line far enough and do not know what you will find at the end of it? Sodom and Gomorrah. And you know what the end of Sodom and Gomorrah is?—it is Destruction!"

The speaker then went on to say that while a million men rushed to the front during the Civil War to defend one great principle of free institutions, viz. the federation of States, at home in our large cities the other fundamental principle, namely local self-government, was being sapped, owing to the existence of criminals and large masses of foreigners in these cities. "Destroy one of these principles," he exclaimed, "and you destroy both." To destroy the Brooklyn Bridge you do not have to destroy both piers; pull down one and the whole bridge falls. Our great cities have become incapable of self-government. Suppose the present tendency towards the city keeps up until 1920. There will then be 10,000,000 more people in the cities than in the country, and you know what that means in a democratic country.

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FAKIR FLED.

AS LONGSHOREMEN ORGANIZED INTO SOCIALIST TRADE AND LABOR ALLIANCE.

Unable to Controvert the New Trade Union Arguments, He Tried Mock Heroics, Sprung to Find His Stage Play Had No Effect.

A well attended meeting of longshoremen took place Friday night, January 25, at 407 Canal street.

T. A. Hickey was the principal speaker. After an hours' speech the floor was thrown open to questions by Chairman Walsh and a lively

1950

THE CARPENTERS.

PLAYED AGAINST THE CABINET MAKERS
FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE BOSSES.

Conditions Existing in the So-Called
Cabinets—Treasures Looted, Scabbing
Going on, But the Walking Delegate
Walks on Unconsciously of All!

PROLOGUE.

(An Epitome of the Situation.)

THE UNITED BROTHERHOOD OF CARPENTERS AND JOINERS OF AMERICA is in a bad way financially, numerically, morally, and otherwise. It is in the condition of a house divided against itself. Torn as it is by dissension, racked by withdrawals and threats of withdrawal, frightened by rumors of high-handed robbery at headquarters, with one of its clerks in the general office pursued unsuccessfully by detectives and a local treasurer suiciding last week after robbing his local union; with a financial report that has over \$7,000.00 accounted for in fishy looking items that no one can explain or understand; with the carpenters playing traitor to their brothers, the Cabinetmakers; fakir led and fakir driven, amidst a mass of corruption, the honest rank and file are suffering and despairing from the crimes of this organized scabbery and are waiting hopelessly for the inevitable smash up of their pure and simple union, that pretended to organize them against the capitalist but delivered them bound hand and foot to their cowardly foe instead.

The above is the situation epitomized. Today we take up the conditions in Brooklyn. Next Sunday we shall deal with it nationally.

This is the local tale told in chapters.

CHAPTER I.

THE UNION SCABS UPON ITSELF.

During last winter the locals in Brooklyn attached to the U. B. of C. & J., decided to present certain demands to the bosses. These demands included a reduction in hours, and an increase in wages. On May first the carpenters presented their demands to the bosses and won in most cases. To the intense disgust and dismay of the Cabinetmakers, they found that their demands were not presented in one solitary case, although they belonged to the same national organization; were represented in the same district council; and, in many cases worked in the same shop.

The cabinet makers hearing nothing from the bosses on May 1st went on strike, whereupon the bosses said: "We don't know why you are striking as we have heard nothing from you or your union."

When the buncoed cabinet makers demanded an explanation of this traitorous conduct of the carpenters, they were told that they had not presented their demands in time. This excuse was worse than no excuse at all, for the reason that the paid business agent of the U. B. a labor fakir named Zeibig, in company with a member of the district council named Beatty, had received the demands of the cabinet makers one week before May 1st.

Naturally the cabinet makers continued to protest and insisted on having their demands presented. This was done at a later date and instead of gaining a trifle like the carpenters they went out in but a few shops and in no case was the agreement fully lived up to.

In this emergency the district council declared that they would not call on the carpenters until other men were put in the cabinet makers' places.

Now ensued a period of joy for the bosses. The big non-union concerns, such as Bossert's that employs 700 men, turned out vastly more work than ever before, and the union (?) carpenters proceeded to put this work up; THUS SCABBING ON THE MEN WHO BELONGED TO THEIR OWN UNION AND WHOM THEY HAD TRAITOROUSLY BUNCOED ON MAY FIRST.

The district council of the U. B. in an endeavor to hide their criminal conduct from the public gaze, and fearing the exposure that would ensue from the Socialist Labor Party and the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance, declared that: "Any work contracted for after September 1 by non-union bosses would not be put up by union men."

The wise men in the union, those who looked on Organized Scabbery through Alliance glasses, laughed to scorn the idea of these fakir-bred and trained officers doing any thing but scab on the cabinet makers; and the result proved them to be right.

Drive a nail right here and watch the developments.

In Greenpoint there is an old firm known as Young and Girard. Their shop was organized May 1st last. Recently they sent a letter to Union No. 32 (cabinet makers) showing that their principal competitor—Bossert—was turning out immense quantities of non-union cabinet work that was being promptly put up by the union carpenters. He also said that if this was not stopped he would lock out the union cabinet makers. Of course the scabbery went on, and the union men were fired out by Young & Girard on last Monday week (January 14, 1901). The firm of James C. Orr, of Greenpoint, followed a similar course on the same day.

The evidence of the scabbing of the carpenters on the cabinet makers is going up on all sides. Here are a few

of many incidents that proves it to be so.

A member of No. 32, named Binder, testifies as follows: Bossert is putting up non-union work in the Public School at Fourth Avenue and Thirtieth Street, South Brooklyn. The attitude of the Business Agent Zeibig was called to this and he refused to stop the carpenters putting up the scab work despite their promise several months ago. Zeibig said that he would bring it up before the district council, and although the council met since then nothing has been done and the union (?) continues to scab on its itself.

Again, Bossert is putting in scab work at Hoyt Street and Irving Avenue School, and the union (?) carpenters are putting it up.

Or, whose men are striking now, is putting in lumber in Cottle Park, South Brooklyn and the union (?) men are putting it up.

Again: Hans shop at Degraw Street and Fourth Avenue has union men putting up scab work.

Again: At Ferguson's shop at the corner of Lee and Wallabout Streets carpenters work with non-union machine hands, although the agreement calls for a union shop.

Many more incidents of this sort might be given, and the tale would not be half told. There is a fast growing suspicion among the cabinet makers that Bossert, Young & Girard, Orr, Murray & Hall and the other big bosses are running scab shops, locking out the cabinet makers and causing strikes because of the experience they have had for years with labor fakirs, and the knowledge they have of the utter lack of solidarity in pure and simple trades unionism, so wonderfully depicted when one wing of the union buncoed the other on May first last.

Well may Mr. Bossert, Mr. Orr and Mr. Girard say with that other distinguished capitalist, M. A. Hanna: "These are my Labor Lieutenants."

CHAPTER II. BRAZEN CORRUPTION RAMPANT IN THE UNION.

The evening papers of last Monday published a two stick story of the suicide of one Andrew Metzger, 1311 Wiloughby Avenue, Brooklyn. The real reason for the story was not given in any paper save the DAILY PEOPLE. In a nutshell it was that he was \$450 short in his accounts with Local Union 32 of which union he had been treasurer up to the previous week. A few days earlier the men who were on strike at Young & Girard held a meeting at Eckford Hall, Greenpoint. The question of paying some boys who came out with the men came up for discussion. The question was asked of the boys: "How much did you get the last time you struck in Young and Girard's?"

"One dollar," was the response.

"Why the union appropriated \$3," was the cry from a dozen strikers.

"Oh, well, there is somebody making easy money," was the nonchalant remark of business agent Zeibig at this exposure of the robbery of children. Worse even than this is the fact that the scoundrel who robbed the boys will not be molested if the union remains true to its traditions. The witnesses of the above scene are Joe Winters and Bayrelein.

With the men robbed by the treasurer.

The boys robbed by some other fellow. With the business agents drawing \$54 and expenses each two weeks, for doing nothing but looking pleasant and allowing the scabbery to go on, is it any wonder that the union is practically bankrupt and strike benefits are jeopardized? Verily, organized scabbery, its sign manual is corruption.

CHAPTER III. THE WALKING DELEGATES.

The U. B. has two walking delegates or business agents as they have renamed themselves. These two men have become organs of reproach instead of honor, because of their criminal conduct of the fakirs. The two gentlemen are a sight for the gods. Both of them are beautifully ignorant of anything pertaining to the genuine labor movement. They recall, parrot fashion, worn out phrases belonging to a dead and gone generation. The only thing in life they can do gracefully and well is to amble up to the treasurer and sign a receipt for their salary. They will cheerfully tell you that Socialism is a growing power, but they have not the remotest idea of what the Socialist movement means. Many things have been claimed against them, but their bitterest enemy or closest friend has never charged them with reading a line on the labor movement or indulging in one moment's thought. Their highest work is to scheme to retain their jobs, and their highest aspiration is to promote the scabbery outlined above. With the assistance of their cronies in the district council they block any revolt of the rank and file as the following incident proves.

The cabinet makers had long been suspicious of the conduct of the two business agents. They knew that some shops had been reported straight that were as crooked as ram horns. One member of No. 32 (Bausch), went as far as to say that Boss Stone had non-union men working for him, and he was not troubled by the business agent when he said this, he made a suggestive motion with his hands behind his back implying that there was bribery going on. This performance was loudly applauded by the awakening union men. This motion was then introduced by one of the honest delegates at the next district council meeting:

"Any local may appoint a special agent for the purpose of investigating a shop and seeing that every thing is all right there."

Business agent Sutherland opposed this, saying:

"I object to this motion because some brother might be appointed who had a spite against the boss and thus make trouble for the boss."

What remarkable solicitude for the poor capitalist! If the boss is living up to the union rules what can he possibly fear? The matter was then killed in the district council and a broke was put up by a motion that said "no man can be appointed as special agent without the consent of the council." Thus the few fakirs dominate the rank and file.

This district council that stands by the walking delegates consists of the

usual labor fakir riff-raff with a couple of honest dupes to lend it a color of respectability. Delegate Burke has a political job in the fire department, and can be seen from time to time dressed in the Fire Department uniform. He is a Democratic politician, just like Orr, the boss, who has the strike on at present. The only difference between the two is that Burke acts as capitalist stool-pigeon towards the rank and file for his job, while Orr uses politics to get school jobs towards a relative, who is Tammany Commissioner of Education. It is reported that some of the delegates hold down political jobs in the Navy Yard as a reward for their pure and simple conduct. There is a single-tax anarchist named Ryan in the bunch who is a foreman of a big shop and looks out for his job and his boss's interest at the same time in the council. Taken all in all it would be hard to find the equal of the district council for ignorance, stupidity, treachery and venality.

Placing Lucifer in the fabled golden streets was an easier task than loring from within with such a gang.

Pull away from them, and smash from without must be the way.

CHAPTER IV.

THE OUTLOOK.

"What of the future?" may be asked by those who are staggering through the sea of corruption and have not given up all hope.

"The future is all right," may well be the answer in the light of the S. T. & L. A. work.

That they are troublesome times ahead with a storm brewing that must burst may be expected. The cloud that shows this storm came up in the form of a motion at the last meeting of the district council when the following resolution was introduced from a carpenter's local:

"Resolved, That it would be advisable to request the cabinet makers to form another council so as to properly discuss their own affairs."

It is the beginning of the end. It is the echo to Delegate Glenhons cry in the district council last March:

"To hell with the cabinet makers, fire them out!"

It is the responsive thro to the sentiment long nourished by these pure and simple carpenters to throw the cabinet makers overboard, thinking thereby to save themselves. But salvation is not for such as they. Stagnated as they are on the battered derelict of pure and simple trades unionism, on the sands of capitalism, they are engulfed by each wave of economic development as it rises ever higher. But courage, ye class-conscious workmen. The life boat of the Socialist Trade & Labor Alliance is riding the storm and is nearing you to save.

May you have the wisdom and the foresight to grasp the life line that we shall throw and pull you aboard to safety—to life.

FREDERICK C. WOLF.

EMIGRANTS MUTINIED.

Starring Porto Ricans Compel Steamer to Put Back to Honolulu.

VICTORIA, B. C., Jan. 23.—The Porto Ricans who were taken from San Francisco by the steamship City of Peking arrived at Honolulu on January 16, the day prior to the sailing of the Aorangi for this port, and before night 116 had been transhipped on board the Hawaiian steamer Kilanea Hou to be taken to Kaula. This band of immigrants was described by one of the Honolulu papers as "the most sickly lot who ever came to Honolulu." The immigrants mutinied, and compelled the steamboat to put back to Honolulu.

The revolt of the Porto Ricans was caused by starvation. There was complaint about the food on the two crowded steamers on the voyage down, which was very tough, and happenings at Honolulu brought the trouble to a focus. On the arrival of the City of Peking late on the night of the 15th, she anchored outside the harbor and remained there till morning, when the quarantine officers went to her.

The Porto Ricans were marched out and prevented from getting their morning meal before inspection. Without breakfast they were put on the steamboats Ke Ah Hou and Helene, each one, man, woman and child being labelled with a tag to show what plantation they were assigned to. On the Ke Ah Hou there were 166 Porto Ricans. The vessel is not a large one and this is considered more than American shipping regulations would allow her to carry. They left on this vessel at 2 o'clock in the afternoon for Hawaii, their sole food since the night before having been one bun and a small quantity of rice.

The emigrants expected that food would be provided on the steamboat putting out to sea, but when they were well out and the cook had made no preparations for a meal they became desperate and one harangued the crowd in the native tongue. His speech seemingly fired them and one man drew a knife and rushed aft to the man at the wheel and threatened to kill him if he did not turn back to Honolulu. The others formed around, seemingly determined to have the boat turned back.

Captain Olson, who was in command of the steamboat, ordered her put about at once and ran for Honolulu. On arriving he signalled for the police and Deputy Marshall Chillingworth, assisted by two officers, went out and endeavored to arrest the man who had threatened the wheelman. The Porto Ricans prevented his arrest. Finally food was given the Porto Ricans and this quieted them. Then a new start was made, police accompanying the steamer.

Four hundred more negroes arrived at Honolulu on the City of Peking on January 15. Some vigorous local objections to the importation of negro labor are being given to be heard, as it is feared that the race conflicts experienced in the Southern states may be repeated here.

"A GOOD WOMAN."

A FEW ITEMS FROM THE REIGN OF THE
DEAD QUEEN.

"Of the Dead Nothing But Good," Yet
the Truth, Even of the Dead, Is Always
Good—Some Notable Incidents of Her
Career.

The obituaries of Queen Victoria may be summed up in one word—fulsome, they were from beginning to end a loud song of praise for her goodness, her wisdom, her state-craft, her charity, and her piety. She was lauded as the greatest of all possible sovereigns; the ideal woman; the most marvelous of mothers; and the greatest trainer of children that ever walked across the human stage.

A few of the observations brought together will show the extent to which this nauseating drive ran. President McKinley: "—illustrious sovereign, whose noble life and beneficent influence have promoted peace, and won the affection of the world." T. De Witt Talmadge: "While Queen Victoria has been the friend of all art, all literature, all science, all invention, all reform, her reign will be remembered for all time and all eternity as the reign of Christianity." Bryan: "Her personal virtues won for her the love of her subjects and the respect of the world." Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax: "—some cord in the human heart hitherto untouched should be played upon and give voice to the new expression of sorrow." Benjamin Harrison: "No other death could have excited so general a sorrow. A mighty influence on the side of peace has been lost." Archbishop Gibbons: "—will send a thrill of sorrow through the world—because of the domestic virtues of the woman." The New York Stock Exchange stopped its career of gambling and robbing for an hour, and the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston told how sorry it was. In addition to this the "Journal" beat all contemporaries on the death, though several had the news on the street before it. Yards and yards were printed about her, and there was a general chorus of praise.

Bishop Potter even going so far as to call her as great as Washington. The whole of it may be summed up: She was a good woman; she was a pious woman; she was a friend of humanity; she was an advocate of peace. The last few years of her reign found her with clouded and enfeebled mind, so she may have been but slightly responsible for the course of events, but in order to get a consecutive account of her life we shall be forced to take the whole reign from the time she mounted the throne until she left it.

Though she was a good woman her people suffered. Though she was a pious woman, Christianity was but a profession, or a cloak for misdeeds. Though she was friend of humanity, there was never a time when humanity suffered more, and she never once lifted her voice against the causes. Though she was an advocate of peace, her kingdom was constantly at war, usually with some small nation. Her kingdom took by force and held by force immense tracts of land. Her kingdom gave the lives of thousands of her subjects, in order that the empire might be extended, or that the limits of the empire might remain intact.

She was queen in more than mere theory. The Prince Consort says to her in one of his letters: "You are queen of the night and day of Europe." In your hand lies the happiness of millions." She took an active part in the affairs of the realm. She was concerned in every act, and this part makes her guilt all the more glaring. Never, never before in the history of the world did a sovereign have more far extending power, and never did a sovereign exercise it with more hypocritical brutality, with more callous indifference, or with more disastrous results.

Her private life may have been spotless. She may have been the paragon of virtue. But she was as cruel as her limited intelligence would allow. There is the case of the Lady Flora Hastings, an innocent woman whom Victoria marked out for a scapegoat. She persecuted the woman. The same happened in the case to desperation, and to suicide. It was not a mere personal animosity. It was done because the Court had been convicted of scandal, because an expose threatened it, and a sacrifice was demanded. Victoria found it in an innocent and inoffensive woman. The same happened in the case of Lady Gray, whose only offense was that she needed money, and she went into business to earn it. Lady Gray, however, did not kill herself, though she was forever excluded from the Court. There is further, the fact that George Frederick Duke of York put away the woman to whom he was married, put away his two children, that he might take a wife more becoming his station in life. He did it against his own will, and his former wife was married to a naval officer, and her father was made an Admiral. All this may be purity and goodness, but it more nearly resembles an attempt to cover up one's own shortcomings.

Her piety was a monumental hypocrisy. She learned early in life the English method of outward sanctity, and she added to this knowledge all her Teutonic persistency in carrying it through. As far as the religion of her time is concerned, it is all a mere ceremonial. The Oxford movement, which she bitterly opposed, and which concerned itself wholly with the outward trumpery of religion, was the most distinctive occurrence in this line. Then there were the several abortive anti-Roman movements. The great extending of the elastic non-conformist conscience: the trading and the traffic of sinecures within the Anglican Church: the ignorant and brutal degradation and superstition of the masses of the people: and the canting ignorance of all classes.

Talmage is guilty of the grossest nonsense when he speaks of her reign being marked for all time and all eternity as the epoch of Christianity. Her Court was noted for its covert debauchery and profligacy, for its wanton cruelty, and for mulcting gigantic sums of money to carry on its orgies. Her eldest son was a prodigal. Her advisers were spend-thrifts. In such an atmosphere there she could not but suffer from the taint. There was less religion in England than there has been since religion was first introduced there.

As a friend of humanity, she saw with no trace of emotion, upwards of 14,000,000 of her subjects die like rats in unhealthy trades. She saw her soldiers moved down by contagious diseases. She saw her sailors, in the navy, the merchant marine, and the fishing fleet, drowned by the thousands because of the risks they were forced to take, and because of the inadequate precautions taken to give them safety. Her friendliness to humanity did not once cause her to raise her voice against this state of affairs. She regarded it all with stoic carelessness, and she took it as a sign of God's approval of her acts.

Ireland suffered three times from a general famine, but the first one, in 1847, was the most widespread, and the most devastating. Two millions of human beings died from its effects, and two millions more were forced to leave the country. At first when the despairing cry came in the country, Victoria heard it with anger. The "disaffected Irish," the Papist Irish were once again fomenting trouble. They died by the wayside. They starved behind the hedges. They rotted in the ditches. "They should be taught to be more provident." The death continued. The famine spread, and Victoria reluctantly acknowledged that there might be some want in the country. Then at last when thousands were dying each day, she sent a donation of \$50,000 to the stricken people! But, and it is the black mark on England of the time, an arraignment that convicts society of the most horrible murder, enough PRODUCE WAS TAKEN FROM IRELAND DURING THOSE YEARS TO FEED A POPULATION TWICE THE SIZE OF THE ONE STARVED. Capital must have its share, no matter what its source might be. Furthermore, during those years, England still continued to drain revenue from Ireland, and even the humanity of Victoria shone brightly above all this disaster.

India has had six famines during her reign. A press dispatch the day before Victoria died says: "Lord Curzon calculates that the famine has cost about 750,000 lives since he became viceroy of India." That is cur, but running over the history of the past few years, calculating the whole number of deaths since the famine began, we have an appalling list of deaths due to English misgovernment. Not due to the dead Queen's lack of consideration, lack of humanity, lack of the least spark of kindness. The famine has continued for years. It was but a revival of what India had suffered before. Millions had died, but for all that companies grew rich in the land, war flourished, millionaires were made, and the royal revenue waxed abundant. And the humanity of Victoria, Queen of England and Empress of India, grew brighter and brighter.

Newfoundland, unconsidered in the thoughts of most men, sparse of population, but rich in the wealth of sea and land, was the most abused and wronged colony in existence. The coast people starved, or else were driven from the land. The settlers also died because of want. Yet men made fortunes in the island, and the crowd reaped a harvest of wealth. While hunger oppressed the people, while they cried aloud for bread, the humanity of Victoria gleamed proudly over the devastation and the death.

Forty thousand London children go to work breakfastless every morning. Twenty-five millions of women have been driven to prostitution during the last sixty years. Half of the agricultural laborers over the age of sixty died in the workhouse. Sixteen million children came into the world in the workhouse. Thousands of miners were killed owing to capitalist disregard of the laws. Countless workers were killed in the factories. The factory hell of England was gorged with its victims. But as great profits were made, and as many of the capitalists were patted on the head to rise up Sir Something-or-other, the humanity of Victoria could not but remain superior to the want and misery of nine-tenths of her people.

The wisdom of the Queen, the care she exercised over her loving subjects, and the deep regard she felt for them are shown by her action during the several financial panics that swept over the land. Did she raise her hand and say: "Curtail your expenses and give to the poor?" Did she offer any solution of the problem? Did she do anything to prevent this occurring again?

She was above such petty, such mundane, such merely human acts. "She urged the Court to give sumptuous balls, and she herself set the example."

Nero fiddled when Rome burned. The good Victoria danced when England starved. The most Christian court held carnival in their lighted banquet halls, while without, in the darkness, death was revealed, and he had a whole nation for his banquet board. But the Queen's forethought, her consideration for her people, her desire to make their burdens less onerous by draining them still further to pay for all their feasts, made her humanity all the more noticeable, all the brighter.

And who was this noble woman in whom so much humanity concentrated? She was 200 pounds of vulgarity that lifted itself four feet eight inches above the

ground. She was a coarse woman, as her pictures show. Like all the Guelpas she lacked a chin. As in all the Guelpas her mouth was like the obliterated hole of a plethoric doughnut. She was the embodiment of British society, its baseness and its hypocrisy.

Her reign did not see the enactment of a penal code, but it did see more execution for mere POLITICAL offenses, than the reign of many of her predecessors. They were in each case marked by the cold brutality of the outrage. There was political suppression. There was endless political bad faith.

In this latter, Gladstone was the master mind. His career runs parallel to that of his Queen, and like her career it shares the gigantic duplicity of which a human being is capable.

Those who offended politically were relentlessly crushed. There is not a single instance of a man who honestly and consistently placed himself in opposition to the Queen who was not summarily dealt with. The political history of her time is simply the tabulation of her acts of vengeance against those who became dangerous. At home this forms the most fruitful source of information on the subject of her "humanity."

Well has she been called the "famine Queen." The spectre of want is usually pictured as a gaunt being with hollow eyes, and fleshless hands that slowly strangle its victims. But in this case the spectre of want is typified by the anti-thesis of want. It is that of a fat woman, basted with her own oily fluvia, fed to the point of bursting, rotund, repulsive, greedy, merciless, cruel, and bigoted. Contrast her with the state of her kingdom. Compare her with the misery she looked so complacently upon. Take the nauseating words of eulogy pronounced upon her, and then study her reign. Well has she been called the "famine Queen." She was the very harbinger of war.

Her record as an advocate of peace has such jewels in it: The Chinese War, 1839-42; Crimean War, 1854, Indian Mutiny, 1857-58; Second Chinese War, 1859; Abyssinian, 1895; S. African, 1874; Afghanistan, Zululand, Egyptian campaigns, Sudan, Boer wars, and numberless smaller campaigns against small tribes, to "restore order," to depose usurpers, in behalf of friendly tribes, to settle boundary disputes, and to "impress" would-be potentates. These wars cost 230,000 lives, and billions of money, if war can be computed in money.

Yet who can estimate the cost of war? Who can tell what a wife, a mother, or a young child loses when a man is shot down? Who can follow the results of a death through all its windings, and can tell the far-reaching effects? In one life may be bound up the lives of many. One death may carry with it the suffering and death of scores. Who can estimate the cost of war in money? England expended \$200,000,000 from her treasuries during the Crimean war, and yet that was but a small item. This war was caused by the double dealings of one of the Queen's prime ministers, Palmerston. Read Karl Marx's masterly exposition of the life of this scoundrel, and you cannot but draw from it the inference that the Queen was surrounded by worthy followers.

Misgovernment, cruelty, and indifference marked every act. She misgoverned her own island, and the terrible times that preceded the Chartist movement prove this. Her people were continually in want. Her people were desperately poor, and yet with her sanction, and her prayers, the conquest and subjugation of foreign lands went on. Her acquisitions are as follows:

First, and above all comes India, which formerly was governed by the East India Company by authority from Parliament, down to the time of the mutiny. Only when did it pass directly under the direct administration of the crown. Other points and countries to be named are: Aden, (1838), Brunei, (1857), Cyprus, 1878, Keelung Islands, (1857), Labuan, (1846), Perim, (1855), Sarawak, (1888), Basutoland, (1868), Bechuanaland, (1885), Berbera, (1884), Gold Coast, (1881), Lagos, (1861), Matabeleland, (1888), Natal, (1838), Kermadec Islands, (1886), New Guinea, (1884), New Zealand, (1841), Queensland, (1859) and South Australia, (1836).

England's colonial possessions are of three classes. First come the Crown colonies, like Gibraltar and Hong-Kong, which are controlled entirely by the home Government; second the colonies like Natal and Ceylon, which have representative government, in which the Crown retains only the right to veto on legislation and the home government the control of public officers; and third, those like Canada and Queensland, which possess responsible government, the home government having no control over any public officer, though the crown retains the right to veto on legislation. There are also protectorates, with governments more or less organized, under crown administration.

There were two men who stood high in her estimation that are excellent types of the modern Englishman, and believe in the sanctity of the Queen. They are Peel and Gladstone. It was Peel who instituted that most monstrous body of men known as the Irish Royal Contabulary. It was Peel who prepared the way for the famine which occurred under Lord Russell. Gladstone kept the Irish people in a ferment for years by his hypocritical, his dastardly, and equivocating policy. He was like Victoria in his canting, and his assumed religiousness.

Victoria leaves behind her a worthy successor. Her son Edward VII. has all the vices and all the habits of the Guelpas. He has ministered to them. He has nurtured them. He has developed them through the whole sixty years of his life, and to-day he is the most highly developed rascal in the United Kingdom. But no matter what his vices may be, he can never achieve the record for inflicting suffering that his mother did. She was not a barbarian; she had not the mercy of one. His power will be circumscribed. Her power was endless. How she used it the dead she left in her course can best testify. To their indictment will be added the indictment of the wronged working class, the hungry children, the outcast, and the robbed and plundered inhabitants of every clime on the globe.

And who was this noble woman in whom so much humanity concentrated? She was 200 pounds of vulgarity that lifted itself four feet eight inches above the

A Select List of

Socialist
BooksFor the Work-
ingman and the
Student.

The following books are recommended by the Literary Agency of the Socialist Labor Party to those desiring to know what Modern Socialism is.

The evolution of society from Slavery through Feudalism to Capitalism is a necessary part of the science of Socialism, and the growth of the Trade Union, and the Labor Movement generally are closely connected with it. A number of standard books on History, Political Economy, and the development of various social institutions are therefore included in this list.

Avelling, Edward:	
The Student's Marx: An Introduction to Karl Marx's Capital. Cloth.....	\$1.00
Charles Darwin and Karl Marx: A Comparison.....	.10
Avelling, Mrs. Eleanor Marx:	
The Working Class Movement in England: A Sketch of Conditions from 1645 to 1895.....	.10
Baz, Ernest Belfort:	
The Religion of Socialism. Cloth.....	1.00
The Ethics of Socialism. Cloth.....	1.00
Outlooks from the New Standpoint. Cloth.....	1.00
History of the Paris Commune.....	.25
Baz and Morris:	
Socialism, Its Growth and Outcome. Cloth.....	1.00
Behel, August:	
Woman in the Past, Present and Future. Cloth.....	.50
Woman in the Past, Present and Future. Paper.....	.25
Connolly, James:	
Erin's Hope: The End and the Means.....	.05
De Leon, Daniel:	
What Means This Strike?.....	.05
Reform or Revolution.....	.05
The Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance versus the "Pure and Simple" Union. A Debate with Job Harriman.....	.05
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SOCIALIST VOTE IN THE UNITED STATES.

In 1888..... 2,068
In 1892..... 21,157
In 1896..... 86,564
In 1900..... 34,191



"I shall consent (says the capitalist) that you may have the honor of serving me, on condition that you surrender to me the little that is left to you in return for the trouble I take of commanding you." J. J. ROUSSEAU.

TEMPERING THE SWORD.

There is a certain line of argument, which frequently crops up in the letters that come to this office from friendly sources, and yet betray so fundamental a misapprehension of the organic development of the organized Socialist force, now going on in the country, that the matter deserves consideration.

These correspondents, according to their different temperaments, express their loathing or the several bodies and individuals that are harassing the rear and flanks of the Socialist Labor Party, and like thorns are lacerating it; and the conclusion is unanimous with them that these individuals and bodies are "doing mischief"; hence, there is a unanimous expression of hatred for them. It is against the wrongfulness of the conclusion that "mischief is being done" by such elements that a word of warning is timely. The "mischief" being disproved, the resulting hatred should fall with it.

It is undeniable that the calumnies, the fraud, the blackguardism, the pettiness, the treason, the cowardice, that have constituted the only weapons where-with the motley crew of Labor Fakirs, Kangaroos, and "intellectual" riff-raff have assailed and continue to assail the S. L. P., brand the whole pack as physical, moral and intellectual degenerates. It is undeniable that their conduct is loathsome. But it does not follow from this that they are "doing mischief." Undoubtedly mischief is their only purpose; but neither does it necessarily follow that the evil purpose of the sinner determines the total effect of the sin. That Providence, whose ways are so often found to be inscrutable, presides also with ways of its own over the organic development of great historic movements, such as the Socialist Movement in this generation, and, in ways of its own, accomplishes its beneficent purpose.

Of no ordinary metal or temper must the sword be, that, wielded by the Proletariat, will strike the shackles off the limbs of Humanity, and carve out the Socialist Republic. Any alloy of dross would threaten it with breaking in two and with missing its purpose at the most critical moment. That sword in America is the Socialist Labor Party. Whosoever can be taken from it, never was of it, was dross in its ranks, and well it is he be absorbed away; whosoever can be kept away from it, is not yet of it, would be dross in its make-up, and well it is he be kept aloof. Churned in the outer melting-pot of experience, much of the bulk of these elements is being purified, and rendered fit for absorption, and will ultimately merge indissolubly with the sword of the Socialist Revolution.

The sword of the Social Revolution in America is now being deliberately forged and tempered. In the scheme of Providence there is a place and a mission for the thorn, that, thrown into the fire, tho' it means to degenerate, aids in its way the work of tempering and purifying, while itself crackles in the furnace and is consumed into oblivion.

A RETURN TO "APPEARANCES." The recommendation contained in the report, transmitted last Friday to Congress by the President on the situation in the Philippines, may be said to mark an epoch in the War-Hurrah policy of the nation; along with that, the recommendation marks the turning point where our rulers return to their policy of "Appearances."

The policy of "Appearances" is a policy that makes its debut with the overthrow of Feudalism and the rise of Capitalism. Both Feudalism and Capitalism, being grounded on oppression, rule with a mailed hand. But, there is this difference: Feudalism smites with a mailed hand, and wants you to know it; Capitalism smites with a mailed

hand, but don't want you to know it. It conceals the mail in a glove of velvet. Feudalism, consequently, has an open face, it is frank, it disdains "Appearances." Capitalism, on the other hand, is hypocritical, it revels in false pretense, "Appearances" is its mask.

This explains the wooden-Indian immobility of face with which the capitalist proclaims zeal for work, while he practices sloth; with which he declaims on his love for the workingman, while he shoots him down in the back; with which he lectures on equality before the law, while he legislates the toilers out of Court; with which he speechifies on the "sacredness of the family," while he rends it in twain and pollutes it; with which he sermonizes on honesty, while he practices chicanery; with which he discourses on peace while he wades through slaughter to rapine. All these manifestations of hypocrisy are established "social institutions" with Capitalism: of the last, the world witnessed a glaring spectacle during the last week, when speeches were made, resolutions passed and songs sung to her "peace-loving, humane qualities," at the bier of a queen, whose long reign literally dripped with human gore, and whose eyes were closed in death to the funeral dirge of her murderous musketry in South Africa.

It is now nearing three years since one of these "Appearances"—the "Appearance" of love for peace while practicing carnage—was here temporarily suspended. A War-Hurrah policy was given the right of way. The nation was made to swagger in military uniform. The exigencies of Capitalism temporarily required the fanfare of War. The people had to be intoxicated to their own undoing. The rattle of arms alone was thought efficient. And so it went on for nearly three years. The public mind was treated every morning to a griddle-cake plate of fried Filipinos, and every evening to a desert of "American Provinces." But this could not continue. The Filipinos refused to accommodate our American capitalists; on the other hand, our own people got tired of "protesting" with their blood for the benefit of valorous absentees. This change in the public mind has been noticed by our rulers; they are now acting upon it. And thus it comes that now, right upon the heels of the passing of a bill for an increased army to put down the "Filipino Rebellion," with the American government in possession of just 420 military posts on the Islands, and the whole territory, outside of those 420 small posts, ablaze against our domination,—now and under these conditions the President, with wooden-Indian immobility of face, speaks of "peace being restored on the Islands" and recommends legislation for "civil" instead of "military control."

The War-Hurrah game having run its course, our capitalist Government now re-dons the mask of peace, and resumes the policy of "Appearances." Rule by "civil government" will be talked; rule by carnage will be acted.

A COMMON ERROR.

The statement is cropping up with great frequency in the reports from Labor meetings that a "demand for higher wages," backed, if necessary, by a strike is "warranted" in this or that specific shop because of the "prosperous conditions" there. This reasoning is false, and it is mischievous.

The reasoning is false because it proceeds from the theory that, if "conditions are prosperous" in a shop, it necessarily means that the employer is pocketing larger revenues, and, consequently, there is a larger margin to share up between employer and employees. "Prosperous conditions" are by no means indications of larger pocketings by the employer; they may be accompanied by smaller pocketings than under less "prosperous conditions." The politico-pharisaic dictum "no one can grow rich by legislation" has had all the stuffing knocked out of it.

In the development of society a point has been reached where it is frequently hard to determine the exact point at which the Legislative hall ends and the factory, mill or yard begins. The politician and the employer have been drawn, together. They are depending ever more upon each other. Thus the employer is acquiring ever more "partners," with whom he has to share his profits, and without whom he would be driven out of business altogether. Under these circumstances, increased "prosperous conditions" may, and frequently do, go accompanied with decreased final pocketings by the employer, who naturally prefers to have something rather than nothing. Such establishments grow in concentrated industrial power of Capital; by his political connections the employer gains might; nevertheless, the margin from which the sharing with Labor is concerned has declined. If the absence of "prosperous conditions" is suf-

ficient "warrant" to abstain from a "demand for higher wages," the presence of such conditions does not necessarily offer better prospects.

But besides being false, as partly grounded on ignorance of the trend of things, the reasoning is mischievous, as partly grounded on the false assumption that Labor and Capital are "partners," or "brothers." The principle that presides over the "division" between employer and employee is not one of economic equality, implied in the word "partner," nor is it the principle of affection implied in the word "brother." The presiding principle excludes wholly both the idea of equality and of affection: it is the principle of ruthless Usurpation, of cruel One-sidedness. The capitalist is a usurper of power; with the club of capital, which he has pilfered and highway-robbed the workingman of, he makes the "division," that is to say, despoils his employees. Absurd is then the notion that the changes of the despoiled for a larger share depend upon the "prosperous conditions" of the despoiler! Just the reverse, if anything.

The "warrant" for a demand for higher wages lies in the relation between employer and employee, the spoiler and the spoiled. The demand, in order to be successful, must be permanent; it must be like a flag of defiance nailed to the fore, and guiding the way to a continuous struggle, in which the strike at the outer ditches of shop is supplemented by the battle at the hussings, until the capitalist fort of Public Powers is stormed by Labor, and the despoiling capitalist class is thrown over the walls.

TAKE NOTICE, AND TAKE WARNING.

An explosion has taken place in the camp of that "Holy of Holies,"—the Trade Union movement of the pure and simple brand. Whoever does not yet quite appreciate the nature of this Old Style or British Trade Union should hasten to turn his telescope upon Cincinnati. He can now see there "the genuine thing in operation." By the light of the sparks that fly in that conflict of "genuine Unionists" he will be able to gain quite a number of photographs of many a feature of the beast.

The United Brewery Workmen is an organization affiliated with the A. F. of L., and has a branch named Beerdrivers' Union No. 175, located in Cincinnati. Also directly affiliated with the A. F. of L. is the International Teamsters' Union, and it also has a branch located in Cincinnati, Teamsters' Union No. 13. Both organizations, together with their branches, are, accordingly, sister organizations, being constituencies of the same central body, the A. F. of L.

On general principles one might be led predicate upon these facts the strongest bond of solidarity: the solidarity that is claimed for Old Style Unionism, strengthened by the added solidarity supposed to flow from central unity. At any rate, one would think that the "scab" or "scab methods," said by such organizations to be the characteristics of "opposition Unions" would be here conspicuously absent. Such is the theory, with the unsophisticated. The facts, telling a different tale, are now talking in very ostentatious language through the lungs of these "Unionists." Sifting the facts, as well as one can out of the volumes of wild and ribald denunciation, frequently punctuated with the epithet "scab," this is what's happening:

Beerdrivers' Union No. 175 and Teamsters' Union No. 13 are both of the same trade. Animated by the ignorance of the Labor Question that their pure and simple officers cultivate, the membership of the two organizations look upon the Union merely as an "Employment Bureau": each member seeks to get a job, and, if he fails, he blames his officers (with perfect right, be it admitted.) The pressure upon the officers for jobs, the denunciation of them by their blinded pupils, the rank and file, push these officers to the next logical step, to wit, "deals" with the employer. The officer presently blossoms into a Fakir. Originally chosen to watch against and fight the employer, he becomes the employer's agent—a Labor Lieutenant of the capitalist in the Union. In consideration of the services that these Fakirs render the employer, the employer renders other services to the Fakirs. Thus the national and subaltern officers of the United Brewery Workmen have long ago been essentially advertising agents, pullers-in, in some cases, "grongers" and "bruisers" for certain breweries and combinations of breweries; in return for these services the employer helped the Fakirs by putting them in the way of dross. He would "consent" to the Fakirs' organizing his brewery workmen and ordered these to join. In that way the Fakirs were enabled to pacify the clamor of their members, or to hush it with potent threats.

This style of "Labor Movement" can, in the nature of things, establish no permanent relations. Capitalist development itself takes charge of the law that undermines such relations, through the

increasing number of displaced workingmen. One of the inevitable manifestations of this undermining process is the rising of new pure and simple "Unions," or "Employment Bureaux," upon lines that cross those of existing ones, and not infrequently run upon close parallel lines. Teamsters' Union No. 13 is one of these.

Born out of and carefully nursed in the same ignorance of the Labor Question as her elder sister, Teamsters' Union No. 13 developed her Labor Fakir officers upon the identical lines that did Beerdrivers' Union No. 175. What these and their national officers had done to keep their places and line their nests, could be and was done also by the national and local officers of Teamsters' Union No. 13. They became approved Lieutenants of the employers, and demanded from these reciprocal services. It seems the brewery employers in Cincinnati had, just now, more use for the Teamsters' Fakirs, or, perhaps the employers felt nauseated by the bombastic pretences of Socialist knowledge and purity that characterizes the Organized Scabbery of the United Brewery Workmen;—however that may be, the employers now did for the Teamsters exactly what they had done before for the brewery men: they granted their "consent" to the former to organize the men, and ordered them to join the Teamsters.

That is the story in a nutshell. And thus it happens that the officers of the Brewery Workers and the officers of the Teamsters—both affiliated with Gompers—are each others' hair: each set throwing bouquets at the employers who stand by it, and each set, with perfect justice, hissing "scab" at the other,—a picture of pure and simple "solidarity."

The pure and simple Union cannot unify the Working Class. Such organizations are becoming more and more what these brewery organizations are,—children of the temporary interests of the employer, footballs kicked and rolled according to his whim.

The only organization of Labor that can unify the working class on the economic field is the Socialist Trade & Labor Alliance, which, built and firmly kept upon the lines of the class struggle between the Working Class and the Capitalist Class, owes its existence, not to the good will of the employer, but to that soundness and sternness of convictions, put into practice, that make it dreaded both by the Union-building capitalists, and the Capitalist-built "Unions,"—such as Messrs. Zorn, Bechtold and other worthies are now officering, and Messrs. Kurzenknebe, Franz and other worthies officered before them.

Professor Elisha Gray, who died recently, was one of the many men who claimed to have invented the telephone. Bell, through his superior maneuvering, was able to gather to himself all the profits, and also to divert from the field all those who laid any claim whatever to the invention. His part in perfecting the telephone was really very small, as the telephone, like all other machines, was but the culmination of numerous other devices, and the work of thousands of men living in different countries, and even in different centuries. The fact that Bell had been able to seize this work, and hold it, or his own private benefit, is simply another one of the innumerable crimes committed in the matter of inventions. He holds what has now become a social necessity; he has reaped a fabulous fortune from it and yet his work in connection with perfecting the instrument was a mere trifle.

Little does the world know the extent to which it is being "bettered." Papers, magazines, and books flow in an uninterrupted stream from the press, and still society goes on grinding, moiling, toiling, and wronging; but for all that there is the steady, sturdy persistent struggle forward, as exemplified in the Socialist Labor Party, and as voiced in its publications. The latest impotent is a small magazine named "Social Ideals." It comes from Elkin, Ill. It is not radical; it is not conservative; "its sole mission is to teach," but it neglects its mission woefully, unless it has other means than this little magazine. The ideas in it are sapless, tasteless, aged, and mildewed. The stuff might appear in the journal of the "Christian Endeavor," a high-school paper, or the patent inside of a one-sixteenth volt country newspaper. Even the editors do not seem to know why it exists, and life is too short for other persons to study out the reason. If its parents are honest they will do penance for this issue, and firmly resolve never to sin in the same way again. If they do not do so, they will remain unforgiven, and their little error will go down to eternal perdition.

The "Ruskin College Movement" about which one hears so much and sees so little, is a side line with various chairless college professors and various pulpless clergymen. As far as it can now be located it travels under the hat of Walter Vrooman. When the opportune time comes he will deposit it in some out of the way place, along with so many other of his deposits in his long and variegated career, and the "great work" will be accomplished. What its purpose is no man knows. Why it should be founded no man has yet told us. The economics taught in the colleges and universities of this land are bad enough to satisfy the most exacting and fastidious advocate of capitalism. Any chance economics that the "Ruskin College" might ring in on us possibly would be a little more advantageous to capitalist society, but we doubt it. Mr. Voorman, the head,

body, and tail—especially tail—of the movement is best known by his failure to establish the so-called "George Elliot Clubs."

The "deep sympathy" which is announced as being felt in Ireland because of Victoria's dissolution, must have been made to order. It is only a little over a year ago that Ireland was threatened with famine, and the whole of the peasantry and the working population were recorded as suffering the direst want. It is over half a century ago that she was first called the "famine queen," and the history of her reign has made good the name. India has been in a chronic state of starvation for the past two years; Ireland has not forgotten the terrible conditions that existed in 1847, which resulted in the death of 2,000,000; the South African provinces will not soon forget the draining to which they were subjected, and the results thereof. Her life is a condensed history of capitalism and its degrading and brutalizing results. Ireland "feels deeply," we doubt not.

After several years' work, the Industrial Brotherhood has succeeded in getting \$1,389,100 worth of the "pledges." It needs \$100,000,000 worth of something besides pledges before it can start its co-operative commonwealth. Of the \$1,389,100 pledged, \$43,19 has been paid in. Besides this, dues, subscriptions to the paper run in the interests of the I. B., and donations have been collected, but all the money has gone to pay the salary of Mr. Lermond. The greatest victory the I. B. has yet won was when F. G. R. Gordon "endorsed" the I. B., and "sent in his pledge." Those pledges are a great thing. A man could not live on them, but they are a splendid means to use in acquiring substantial coin of the realm from innocent mental fiddlings.

The Santa Domingo Improvement Company of New York declared that the government of Santo Domingo has nothing whatever to do with customs and duties collected, and that any act of this government relative thereto is null and void. The Improvement Company will attempt to take into its own hands the work of running affairs in order that it may not be discriminated against. That is the shortest way out of the difficulty. No government should be allowed to stand in the way of business; and as a matter of fact no government does. It was rather a bold stroke on the part of the Improvement Company, but it will be successful because the Company has behind it the United States government. There may be some opposition on the part of the Santo Domingans, in which event we shall probably hear that our manifest destiny has been pointing a finger in that direction.

Political and Economic.

Socialism has arrived in Evansville, Indiana, as there a paper makes its appearance, and it favors the Social Democratic Party. Its name is "Justice," and it is the official organ of Edward Miller's cash grocery store. Its plan of action is simple. It publishes a coupon which is good for ten per cent. discount on every dollar's worth of canned tomatoes, flannel, dish pans, blueing, etc., purchased. This is the shortest way to the co-operative commonwealth, but to while away the time en route, Mr. Miller publishes "Socialistic" articles from Ingels' squibs or religion, and bits of criticism on Spiritualism and other "short cuts." It is not a very large paper, but in its four diminutive pages there is a complete reflection of the Social Democratic party.

"The Direct Legislation Record" of which Mr. Eltwell Pomeroy is editor, says that the Social Democratic party has inherited some of the "intolerance" of the Socialist Labor Party, and that the views of one on Direct Legislation can be taken as the views of the other. Mr. Pomeroy was hailed as a "Socialist," and at once came out for Bryan, so from that we may conclude that the views of Bryan, in Mr. Pomeroy's opinion, are "identical" with those of Socialists. From this we conclude that Mr. Pomeroy neither knows what Socialism is, nor has he any inclination to find out. The Direct Legislation movement, which is he, since Referendum Sullivan dropped out of sight, has no other use than to be a pastime for a few freaks who have nothing else to do. As it has made no headway as a separate movement, we are content to allow it to go unnoticed, but Mr. Pomeroy is most certainly not an authority on the views of the Socialist Labor Party, nor is he competent to judge whether or not its views are the same as those of the Social Democratic party. In confusing the two he proves himself ignorant of the principles of both.

"The Pueblo Courier" is in every way an organ of the Organized Scabbery crew that dominates the pure and simple trade union. Its stupidity, its duplicity, and its inability to see a contradiction even when it appears in the same column, are glaring. It has an editorial in the issue of Jan. 18th on "An Un-American Contract." The "un-American contract" is issued by the Victor Fuel Co., and is to the effect that the employees of said company will sever all connections with unions. The next editorial beneath is that there is a "bright outlook" for labor legislation this year! So there is! so there is! There was a bright outlook when workmen were allowed to band together for mutual protection, but the bright outlook has dimmed somewhat of late. It would not be quite as dim were labor skates like Coates, Editor of the "Courier," and Lieutenant-Governor of Colorado relegated to their proper position in the fakirs' pillory.

Rabach Fund.

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DECEPTION'S BACK-ACTION.

The sad case of Frank Britton was good enough for him. Time had laid its chilling hand upon his brow, and his once roseate hair began to turn grey. It struck him as being extraordinary that such a thing should happen to him, as it never happened before, so he entered into a conspiracy with a neighboring druggist to return to his hair the color which it had lost. The rest is a dismal tale. When the hair realized the ignominy heaped upon it, it turned all colors. Sometimes it was red, sometimes it was green, and other times it was merely a modest and retiring robin's egg blue. Though age had sapped some of Mr. Britton's former charms, when his hair commenced to turn in so many directions, he at once began to be an object of interest to the ladies. They wished to know how it was done so they could avoid it.

Now there is a great moral bound up in all this. Freshness and juvenility are not in themselves, always desirable qualities. A youth may be fresh, extremely fresh, but not nearly as much so as the giddy sexagenarian who thinks he is young merely because he runs a lead comb through his hair, or tries to hide it beneath a compound of coppers, waxes, vasoline, and a gouty air of spryness. The evaporated young man, the young man to whom the world and all its secrets, its pleasures, its hysterical joys, and its tears, are but a bore, is a nuisance and a fit subject as the angle of reflection for the largest sized missile as han't, but even he is less a fallacy than the Dresden china gentleman who simper like a sixteen year old miss, when he should be sitting in silent and sober contemplation as becomes his age.

Timeliness is good, but assumed youth is never timely. The proprietors of the roving fruit markets often make a new and bright looking apple out of a wizened and dried one by breathing on it and polishing it with their bandannas. Despite its up-to-date appearance it is both sapless and tasteless. It is a fraud and a deception. It is a Mr. Frank Britton with his restored hair.

Now Mr. Britton met with a slight accident when he applied a renovator to his worn and dilapidated thatch. Some of the fluid fled down his neck and built for itself a board in the small of his back; some of it fell on his chin and ousted a board that it found there; a few drops alighted on the tip of his ear and raised there the standard of revolt in the form of a hawcock of hair. Above all, the hirsute elixir left Mr. Britton pie-bald, and if there is one thing in the world that he dislikes more than another it is to be pie-bald.

For this reason he felt called upon to sue the drug company and attempt to charge them \$25,000 for depilatory services, restoring hair, renovating beard, and infusing a jamboree rainbowbow aspect into such hair as it did not remove. He is foolish. Unless he is too old to learn, he will take the lesson to be heard and accept such snowy hairs that fell to his lot. Even as they were, they much exceeded in beauty and usefulness what he acquired at fifty cents a bottle. Why did he not wear a switch, or a wig, or a topee, or better still, why did he not shave his head, and make people think he was a high-binder?

He did none of these things. He simply poured a concoction on his head, and expected that his hair would be born again. Now that was rank deception. Recent hair is an excellent item of wearing apparel. It is pleasing, and it has its advantages in many ways. But it must be genuine, or else no faith should be placed in it. Mr. Britton was undoubtedly led into his predicament by reading the New York "Journal," whose enterprise frequently leads it to print the news before it happens, or to reprint the news as contemporaneous when it is already a matter of history. Mr. Britton's residential hair may have sagged somewhat at the knees, it may have been unable to carry through a dance with good grace, or may have unfitted its upholder for anything but a youthful part in a comic opera, but nevertheless it was truthful, it was abiding, it stood by him when other hair refused to do so. He threw over the old love for the sake of the new, and he found that all is not gold that glitters, not matter how good a peroxide it may be.

There is another thing that makes the case a sad one and that is the difficulty that must ensue when an attempt is made to define Mr. Britton's nationality. He does not show his true colors, though he now has several, and persons who raise feathers on the back of their necks are always difficult to pace. Supposing some rural advocate of rotation in crops should see the work done by Mr. Britton in this line, and claim him as a brother. Supposing a merchant with bright green locks should note the hue that Mr. Britton wears in part, and should invite him down to lunch. Suppose a chemically pure checker-boarded horse should neigh at Mr. Britton, thinking him a fellow victim. Suppose any one of the thousand possible contingencies and you simply have a statement of the trouble to which Mr. Britton left himself open by his attempt to deceive the eye.

There is a great moral in these attempts made by young ladies who wish hand-in-aid complexions, and men who wish the outward accidents of youth. It is that though you may escape pie-baldness, you still cannot place a new head over an old stomach; further, you do not improve the wine by placing a new cork in the bottle; further, a man's primitive accumulation of wool is much more to be desired than the exceeding richness that comes out of a chemical compound.

The stenographic report made by B. E. Keinar of the Trade Union debate, held at New Haven, Conn., November 25 last, between Daniel De Leon, representing the Socialist Trade & Labor Alliance, and the Socialist Labor Party, and Joe Harriman, representing the "Pure and Simple" Trade Union and the Social Democratic Party, is now ready for delivery in pamphlet form.

Price, 3 cents a copy; three dollars per hundred. Address orders to Labor News Company, 2-6 New Reade street, New York.



Uncle Sam and Brother Jonathan.

BROTHER JONATHAN.—Great is Bryan!

UNCLE SAM.—To judge by the previous stupidities of his that have provoked cheers from you, he must have committed some new and egregious blunder. B. J.—Do you call that salutary in his new paper, "The Commoner," a blunder?

U. S.—To tell you the truth I have been too busy to read it. B. J.—Oh, you ought to read it; it is good!

U. S.—Give me some of its grand points.

B. J.—It is grand all the way through.

U. S.—It surely can't be such a procession of grand points that you would be at loss which to pick out?

B. J.—It is a grand procession of grand points. But, yet, I'll pick out one—

U. S.—Good!

B. J.—He says: The middle class is the common people; the common people are called "the middle class" because

paupers and criminals are excluded on the one hand, while on the other hand some exclude themselves because of wealth, or position or pride of birth.

U. S.—Is that what Bryan actually says?

B. J.—Yes, isn't it grand?

U. S.—And is that the way he divides the classes?

B. J.—Yes.

U. S.—He puts his arms akimbo and roars:

B. J.—Is that division of the classes so wrong?

U. S.—You know something about horses, don't you?

B. J.—Yes.

U. S.—Suppose I were to classify horses this way: Horses are divided into mares, mustangs, ponies and swift runners.

B. J.—(A smile suffusing his face.)—That would be a most idiotic classification.

U. S.—And so is Bryan's division of the classes.

B. J.—How would you divide the classes? How would you define the "common people"?

U. S.—The term "common people" is not a scientific term in sociology, any more than "the good people" or "the nation's favorites," or "the yeomanry of America," or so many other such terms. They are figures of speech, stereotypes in declamation.

B. J.—Even so. Why couldn't such expressions be turned into scientific terms?

U. S.—For the very simple reason that none of such terms defines a fact; they are all conclusions depending upon the taste, notion or fancy of him who uses them. A scientific term depends upon none of these. It covers a concrete fact, neither more nor less, and conveys the identical idea to all who understand the subject. Those other terms convey as many ideas as there are moods and fancies. The "good people" of the prohibitionist surely are not the "good people" of Tammany Hall.

B. J.—(ponders a while).—I grant that. But Bryan called "the common people" the "middle class." This term is a scientific one. How about that?

U. S.—The term is all right but the application he makes of it is rhetorical, not scientific.

B. J.—In what way?

U. S.—When one speaks of social classes, those people only are in contemplation upon whom the system of production, distribution and exchange depends, because when an informed man speaks of social classes he has in mind the system of production, distribution and exchange—production virtually covers all three—in force at the time spoken of.

B. J.—Very well.

U. S.—Consequently there can be no question of "criminals" or "paupers," meaning criminals, nor of "position" or "birth." All these terms and categories drop.

B. J.—Then what remains?

U. S.—The people upon whom the system of production depends.

B. J.—Are they all of one class?

U. S.—No. In feudal society they fall into two classes: landlord and tenant.

B. J.—And now?

U. S.—They fall into three: Capitalist class, middle class and working class or proletariat.

B. J.—(scratches his head).—And what distinguishes the one from the other?

U. S.—The capitalist is he who lives by virtue of his ownership of a sufficient amount of capital to enable him to defy competition and to skin the working class.

B. J.—Hang him!

U. S.—The working class is made up of people who have no capital to the on, who, therefore, can not exercise their labor-power and earn a living without they sell themselves in wage slavery to the man or concern that has capital.

The workingman, accordingly, must submit to be robbed of his product. Under this system he gets but a small fraction of what he produces as wages. The rest is stolen from him as profits. That's the nature of the working class.

B. J.—And what about the middle class?

U. S.—The middle class is a class that has some capital enough to enable it to skin the members of the working class, but not enough to enable it to prevail through competition.

B. J.—And is that the class that Bryan stands for?

U. S.—In so far as he makes "the common people" his proteges, he is but a wind-jamming rhetorician; in so far as he sets up as the "middle class," a class that must and will vanish, being a transition class that has its future behind it, your Bryan is a crack-brained Don Quixote.

B. J.—scratches his head hard.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[Correspondents who prefer to appear in an assumed name, will attach such name to their communications, besides their own signature and address. None other will be recognized.]

A Thrilling Testimonial.

To the DAILY PEOPLE.—The writer a few days ago was in the store of a DAILY PEOPLE advertiser when a young lady entered, saying: "I wish to buy some books; I am a Socialist and came here because you advertise in the DAILY PEOPLE." In a short time the customer and salesman returned to the office. He reported a sale of about \$70, cash \$30, the balance C. O. D. The customer, I found, had come about eight miles in the crowded city of New York to make her purchase.

R. S.

Biographies—Wm Butcher, "Nat's Sec'y"

To the DAILY PEOPLE.—Now that I notice Mr. William Butcher has started to issue communications to the Socialist Labor Party, it becomes opportune to know something about the man from whom these circulars proceed.

Shortly before the International Cigar-makers' National Convention, I was a delegate from the C. M. L. U. Local 132 of Brooklyn to the C. L. U. of Brooklyn. There I got acquainted with this Mr. Butcher. It will interest you to know how he gained admittance to the C. L. U. It was this way: Mr. R. G. H. Gordon prevailed on John Phillips, "Democrat," from the Hatter's Union, and president of the C. L. U., that the Socialist Democratic Party was the same as the Democratic Party, and that it, therefore, was to the interest of ALL that a delegate from the S. D. P. be admitted to the C. L. U. Mr. William Butcher thus got in. Once in, Mr. Butcher went forth like a Messiah, trying to save the victims of vice, and I was one of those operated on.

He gave me to understand that he was a member of the Democratic party. For, said he, the interest of the Democratic party is the nearest allied to the working class, inasmuch as "both of them are struggling with the trusts for supremacy." Then he went on to prove further that the Democratic party was the nearest allied to the working class by citing the material of which the Democratic party is made—viz., Mr. Brewster is a real Socialist; Mr. Grant, the political tool of Boss McLaughlin and moral brother of John Y. McKane. This McKane, he claimed, was the best Socialist America had ever had; but conditions made him what he was. He spoke of William J. Gaynor as nonpareil on the social question. He denied that this Judge Gaynor had aided the Brooklyn trolley company in defeating the conductors and uniform men in their great strike. I asked him what he thought of Mr. Gaynor's accepting a block of trolley stock from the Brooklyn trolley company after the strike was lost to the workmen; whether this had no significance. He said: "Oh, anybody may accept such a present under the present system of society."

Then he informed me that Socialism was very near at hand, saying that there were already several revolutionary parties. When told to name them, he said: "The Democratic party, because it fights capitalist concentration of wealth; the anarchist party, and the Socialist Party, which will soon be a very strong evolutionary party." Then he accused Dr. Leon of plagiarism, and therefore not capable of being a leader of a movement like the Socialist Movement.

In speaking of taxes, he said (holding a check bearing a revenue stamp): "Now look at this check; does the workman not pay taxes? This goes out of the workman's pocket!"

However, one thing he said sounded logical—that is:

"No matter how small the number the 'Leviathan' will be reduced to, they will always act as a watch-dog to corrupt persons in other organizations."

I. BOOKMAN.

113 North Sixth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 20, 1901.

Rats Desert a Sinking Ship.

To the DAILY PEOPLE.—The "Social Debauchery," having received a setback in Haverhill, it is now amusing to watch the scurrying exodus from that fakir-ridden city of the horde of obscene harpists, who for two years have been battered on the misguided workers.

John C. Chase, after having exploited the labor movement in order to reach the majority chair, a still more lucrative position as drummer for a wholesale shoe concern, promptly skips the city the moment he meets with defeat. Mr. Le Robert Le Rives Le Three Card Monte, who marched into Haverhill with a determination to conquer an "eloquent jay," sobered up when defeated and when no more funds were forthcoming; tied a wet towel around his head and took a bromo-seltzer and the first vessel that sailed for New Zealand. Why did he not go to Australia? Would he not have found Kangaroos there indigenous to the land, and among them readers and purchasers of his "translations?"

Mr. A. L. E. late of Minneapolis, Editor of "The Bokus," who accompanied Mr. Le Three Card Monte into Haverhill, knowing that defeat would mean a consequent scarcity of money which would prevent his old Minneapolis managers, rushe, away like Lot scotching

from Sodom and Gomorrah. He did not go as far as his companion but returned to the "Volkszeitung." He evidently concluded that he could find Kangaroos nearer than the Antipodes.

Mr. William Mailly, Editor of an amateur pure and simple sheet published by the organized scabbery for the last two years here in Haverhill also scampered away with the rest of the rats; and, hurrying on to New York, flung himself for solace and support upon the bosom of that comforter of all his kind—the "Volkszeitung." He is now employed as assistant editor of "The Bokus," which fact may explain to the curious the increased stupidity of that paper. He recently lectured at the New York Socialist Lunacy Society on East Broadway and selected as his subject: "Lessons of the Haverhill Defeat." He concluded his talk, which was a long string of feeble excuses, save a part in which he blamed the Social Debauchery with fighting about unity instead of agitating, by saying that the fight must be continued vigorously in Haverhill. A Debauchery, who was present asked him: "Then why didn't you stay in Haverhill and fight there instead of running away like a coward in the moment of defeat?" He did not answer.

But the unkindest cut of all is from the "Literary Digest," a journal with which one Leonard D. Abbott, the Kangaroo who leans against the atmosphere when he speaks in public, is connected. In its issue of December 15, the "Digest" commented joyfully on the Haverhill defeat and what was more significant stated that the defeat of these fakirs meant that "Socialism had been tried in an American city and had failed."

Mr. Abbott has boasted in the past how he inspired or wrote articles booming Chase, et al, and advertising the "Haverhill experiment." Did he write the article referred to above—for a consideration? These fakirs show signs of a conspiracy to degrade Socialism.

These are but a few of the rats who have deserted the sinking ship of the organized scabbery. A poor ignorant, little fellow, W. Addlehead, with a record as crooked as a ramshorn, who attempted to edit a Yiddish-Kangaroo sheet which lived for two weeks, is now all that remains in Haverhill. He is editing their feeble English "Weekly." Poor Haverhill. One who could not edit a Yiddish paper is all the "Volkszeitung" can spare to edit your English paper.

But there is one other left. Weeping Jim sits amid the ruins of his party moaning like Job on his dunghill. Weeping Jim's last splurge in the legislature was for free ice. The Social Debauchery started with armories, agitated for gas, and now is yelling for ice. Undertakers use ice for corpses. Jim will soon be put on ice. Hinc illae lacrymae. Armories, then gas, then ice. Fitting watchwords for Weeping Jim's party.

Meanwhile let the militant S. L. P. grasp the hammer, prepared for the fight in defence of its uncompromising platform. Lies are dying. Truth will prevail. Fling the strength of your true Socialist party into the Fifth Ward in Haverhill between now and next election and the fakirs there will be forever crushed.

VINEX.

Jersey City, Jan. 21.

Self-Explanatory.

I.

Los Angeles, Cal., Jan. 8, 1901.

HERBERT NORMAN, Esq.

Secretary Branch Los Angeles, Socialist Labor Party.

By resolution passed at the last meeting of Local Los Angeles, Socialist Democratic Party, I am directed to make arrangements, if possible, for a series of joint discussions between the S. D. P. and S. L. P. members, relative to the difference between the bodies, with a view to settling all questions on their merits in the interest of harmony, for the good of the cause of Socialism, the respective headquarters of the two parties to be used, alternatively, for the purpose—the meetings to be weekly held—one week in your headquarters, the next in ours. Awaiting an early reply. I am, Yours, etc.,

JAS. S. ROCHE.

Recording Secretary.

II.

Los Angeles, Cal., Jan. 12, 1901.

J. S. ROCHE.

Sir—Your addressing us as Branch Los Angeles, Socialist Labor Party, is proper, and also an acknowledgment that you and others, known as Kangaroos, are political frauds, as, prior to the late National election, you claimed to be the S. L. P. and fraudulently conspired and succeeded in keeping us, the real representatives, off the official ballot in this State. In spite of this traitorous attempt to kill the S. L. P. in this State, we are to-day stronger and more determined than ever. Also, the "Advance," a Kangaroo organ, which is continually misrepresenting and slandering the S. L. P., has an article in the issue of December 29, 1900, written by one of your henchmen under the heading, "Straws Which Indicate How The Wind Blows," in which the S. L. P. is referred to as a "suicide club," also vilifying the editor of our official organ, the DAILY PEOPLE, while it lauds a man who was expelled from the S. L. P. for embezzlement, with the following fitting eulogy: "All of which proves that L. Rotelmant obeys the instinct to affiliate with the group to which he belongs." This acknowledges that you are a group of crooks. These with all the other contemptible tricks and frauds you have perpetrated against the militant Socialists of Los Angeles, your crawling and fawning before Debs who repudiated you, stamps you as unfit for us to debate with. The capitalist class has no better allies than the Kangaroos. Traitors can only expect two things, the contempt of both sides, and suspicion of other traitors. The rewards of Judas Iscariot and Benedict Arnold will be the reward of the Kangaroos. We would remind you that after Judas betrayed the Nazarene, he hung himself; go thou, oh Kangaroos, and do likewise. We regard your offer to debate as nothing more than an effort to rescue yourselves from the oblivion to which your political rascality and treachery to the working class entitles you, having been kicked out of the front door by the S. L. P. and the back door by the N. E. O. of the S.

D. P.'s. You present a pitiable spectacle. We would suggest that you debate the question of "Debauchery posing," or "How to put your foot in your mouth and smile," with the "Colossus of Frauds," Shoh Harryman. We cater not to frauds, crooks or egoists "4,000 strong," the S. L. P. has no compromise to make, being now, as it has been in the past, the upright revolutionary champion of the working class, its aim being the extinction of class rule, the abolition of wage slavery and the inauguration of the Socialist Republic. While we there is but one way to unite, that is fill out an application card and be elected as a member. If there be any among the Social Democrats who are honest in their advocacy of Socialism, we invite them to do so.

PRESS COMMITTEE.

Section Los Angeles, Socialist Labor Party.

Per H. J. SCHADE,

205 1/2 S. Main street.

A Street Scene in Adams, Mass.

To the DAILY PEOPLE.—The other day a fellow workman approached me with: "Say, I'm getting to be quite socialist." I smiled, knowing the fellow of old. "It's a fact," he continued. "I think the socialist vote will go up into the millions next year."

"What makes you think so?"

"Oh, a lot of ministers and lawyers are coming out for socialism."

"Ministers out of a job?"

"Well,—that may be."

"And lawyers without clients?"

"Perhaps."

"And fake doctors like Prof. Kharas of Nebraska?"

"He had not heard of Prof. Kharas, so I said nothing."

"Well," he said, "no doubt some of them ain't all right, but these ministers I've heard of seem to be in earnest. I think they're socialists all right, don't you?"

"Look here, if I were to bring you a mule and tried to make you believe it was a horse because it looked like one, would you believe it?"

"Well, hardly, not unless I was pretty green," with a grin.

"No more can you make me believe that your ministers are socialists."

"Then what are they?"

"Fakes—most of them; freaks, some."

"But how can you tell they are fakes?"

"For instance, let us suppose you are suffering with tape-worm which is eating up your vitality and making your life generally miserable."

"Yes."

"And you went to a doctor to have it removed, and that doctor tried to tell you that your tape-worm was not such a bad fellow, that you should endeavor to get on friendly terms with him, i. e., make a sort of an agreement that Mr. Tape-worm should not eat you much, and you would not hurt him; would you consider that doctor a fake?"

"Guess I would."

"Just so with your so-called socialists. The Socialist Labor Party, on the other hand, says that tape-worm must come up head and all. Do you think that is right?"

"Sure."

"Then vote the straight S. L. P. ticket the next time you vote."

"Guess I will, say (confidentially), I lend me twenty cents until pay-day."

As I handed him a quarter, he again assured me he would surely vote for the S. L. P., but he won't; I know him old. Some people will not learn, they have got to die out.

C. STOEBER,

Adams, Mass., Jan. 23.

Petting Pete's Petting Tour.

To the DAILY PEOPLE.—Pete Curran spoke here, Sunday, January 6th. For two weeks the Kangs had been actively advertising his meeting. About thirty people were present during the greater part of the meeting. When the affair was nearly over, about thirty "Alte Genossen," who had gathered in a certain beer tunnel, arrived. What Pete did say no one knows to this day. Neither public nor press took notice of him.

F. SERRER,

New Haven, Conn., Jan. 20.

U. M. W. Fakirs Helping Coal Companies to Loot Miners' Treasury.

To the DAILY PEOPLE.—I have experienced a pure and simple union trick here. About two months ago the Morrisdale Coal Company's weighman swore out a warrant for M. J. Maloney, claiming that he had cheated the Morrisdale Coal Company out of 900 tons of coal, and that he was in conspiracy with others to defraud the Morrisdale Coal Company out of coal. It was also alleged that he marked down cars on the weighman's sheet when the weighman was not in the office, and fixed the scales so the miners would gain 200 pounds on each car they loaded.

After the arrest of M. J. Maloney, he was put off the tipple and the coal company put on John Callahan, the company weighman. Then we had a meeting. M. J. Maloney was there and made a speech. He said he was innocent; that he never got the chance to rob the coal company, but if he had got the chance, he would rob them. So the weighman and the engineer, Samuel Connaway, said that they would swear that M. J. Maloney got the chance to steal, and he did steal.

The men got on a committee, and they went back and forward to the coal company till the small sum of \$200 ran up before the committee, and kept M. J. Maloney running around telling lies.

Then this was the way they settled it. The superintendents (there are two of them) said if the men would give the coal company \$450, the superintendents would go the balance. What do you think of super like them willing to pay \$450 themselves? They are too good.

We had another meeting. The president of the local union of the U. M. W. of America said there was \$450 in the treasury, and it would not hurt any one to pay \$450 to the coal company, as there would be no extra check-off.

One man made a motion that he would give the money to M. J. Maloney's wife and family, and let him stand a trial at court. But Maloney did not want to stand a trial. He was afraid after all his blowing and lying, but he was helped by the labor-fakir, Patrick Gilday, vice-president of this District of the U. M. W. of A.

He said that it would be different when it went to court, for none of the men could tell how many cars they loaded on this day or that day, when

they would go up against the lawyers. He thought it would be best to settle it, but he did not want to go to law with the coal company. If we fought them, the check-off system would stop soon!

There are about 700 men working here, and miners pay 3 cents on the dollar, and day men pay 2 cents on the dollar, so it amounts up to quite a large sum in the month.

This is the true account of this affair, and it shows that we were bunched out of our money. Now, I am one of the miners concerned, and I can truthfully swear that I never received a cent for coal that I did not mine.

It also shows that THE COAL COMPANY KNOWS JUST THE AMOUNT OF MONEY THERE WAS IN THE TREASURY, and that it conspired with the fakirs to loot it. It may be that this money, which was wrung from our miserable pay in the first place, was merely a sum that the fakirs were willing to give in return for the company's goodness in running the check-off system.

MINER.

Morrisdale, Pa., Jan. 19.

Prosperity in All its Glory.

To the DAILY PEOPLE.—McKinley and his full dinner-pail have at last reached the employes of the Munn Envelope Company. Starting off with a grand display at the factory, at 133 Mulberry street, where, after inducing first-class operatives to come there from miles away, they now find themselves forced to accept a 25 per cent. reduction, or the empty dinner-pail.

Is it any wonder our young girls get discouraged and cast on the town?

Is it worth while for them to learn an occupation, only to be cheated at the end of their apprenticeship by being offered a paltry sum as wages, and in the end, if they object, to be politely told that they are not wanted?

Such is the case in the factory above noted. I had occasion to speak to a few of the Fakirized Union men on the subject, and their answer was, that as long as it did not affect them they didn't care. The same fakirized Union men are working for mean wages, ever since the cut in wages, which happened on January 4, this year.

E. J. FAGAN,

New York, Jan. 22.

Reminiscences Confirmed.

To the DAILY PEOPLE.—I have just read the "Reminiscences" in the PEOPLE. The surprising feature to me was to read about Christopherson and the dirty J. B. Lennon of the Journeymen Tailors' Union. It reminded me of the times I had with this outfit, and its scab agents.

About four years ago a Swede tailor came to my place (I had to start my own little business of account of their rascalities), and introduced himself as a stranger who was passing through town. He was about thirty-five years old and well preserved. I paid little attention to him, and the conversation was short.

One day I found out that this fellow was the organizer of the J. T. U. of A. I asked the question then. Why is it that this fellow did not introduce himself as such? I was told that the Swedes had given him a tip, that I was a red-hot Socialist; also that I was very rough in handling J. B. Lennon. I was sorry I missed my chance.

About two years ago there came another Swede tailor to town, a strong robust looking fellow who looked more like a retired saloon keeper with his curling nose. One day this fellow came into my place and introduced himself. (Now I know one of them was Christopherson.) The following dialogue took place between us:

"I am glad to meet you, but you do not look like a tailor."

"He—I can't help that."

"Why is it you look so well preserved, are you not a bankrupt or a retired tailor boss?"

"He—No, I always made a good living; have been national organizer for the past years. I was short. I made money. Ate and drank well wherever I was called to go, but owing to my age I could not hold the job any longer, but I can work in any shop I choose, union or non-union."

"I—What were your duties in general as Organizer?"

"He—Well, of course I had to organize the non-union shops or towns or strengthen the weak ones, or settle disputes among them, and very often I was called to settle disputes between employers and employees, and, of course, when the disputes were settled we generally had a nice time together."

"I—Is there not, as a rule, always chances for a 'check-off'?"

"He—Oh, well, we always had a nice time after harmony was established between the bosses and the 'journs.'"

"I—Now, I want to ask you a fair question. But I would like you to answer your full convictions, coupled with the facts of experience. Is not the Trade Union movement with the methods it employs a nonsensical farce and a lie in itself?"

"He—Why, of course it is. I know that. Whatever I told them and how they could better their conditions by joining the Union was a lie. Of course I made a good living out of it, but since you press the question and I do not get a living out of it, I tell you the truth."

"I—Do you not think that political action on the part of the workmen as an independent factor from other political parties and in the manner advocated by the Socialist Labor Party would eventually bring the desired changes and finally the establishment of the Socialist Republic?"

"He—Why, of course it would, but I have to go. I'll see you later again."

Shortly after this he left town. Yours for the S. T. & L. A.

G. RENNER.

Jacksonville, Ill., Jan. 23.

"Labor" as a Business.

To the DAILY PEOPLE.—The "Washington Trades Unionist," official organ of Gompers' Central Labor Union of this city, affords abundant evidence of the way the pure and simple imagine they can promote solidarity.

The International Typographical Union, controlled by as slick a crowd of fakirs as pure and simpledom can produce, has gone into the expansion business of late and endeavored to gather into its dues-paying contingent every person remotely connected with the printing business.

Under compulsion some of these "allied" crafts, as they are called, have gone into the I. T. U.—the machinists, for example. But no sooner were they in there than they wanted to get out. And then the tactics of the pure and simple materialized.

One of the latest "rebellions" is on the part of the photo-engravers. The photo-engravers affiliated themselves with the I. T. U., thinking they could get

something out of it. They have found out that they can go along better alone, so they made up their minds to withdraw. Thereupon they are told that if they withdraw the I. T. U. will do its best to deprive them from participating in the affairs of the Gompers brand of unions. The "Trades Unionist" for January 10 shows how they are trying to do it in the following extract taken from the proceedings of the Central Labor Union:

"Under the call of unions, a communication was submitted by a delegate from Columbia Typographical Union No. 17 with having seceded from the I. T. U. and stating that delegates from Columbia Union were instructed to insist upon the expulsion of the photo-engravers from the Central Labor Union. After extended discussion a motion prevailed to refer the matter to the grievance committee for investigation, reports to be made next Monday evening; exceptions were taken to this action by the printers, and the delegates withdrew from the central body."

Verily these government printers are getting brazen since the president of their union raised a thirty-thousand dollar fund, and so "placed" it that the members of Congress saw fit to pass a bill to increase the wages of the printers in the Government printing office \$300,000 a year, and pocket it while their "brothers" who are not in the government employ, are numerously going about starving.

This Washington "Trades Unionist," which serves as a sort of mouth piece for Samuel Gompers, also gives striking evidence of the way they "fight" the employing class. Each week there are two very conspicuous columns. The first has this heading:

"Representative Business Men of Washington, D. C.—The following wholesale and retail firms and professional men are friendly to Union Labor and are entitled to its patronage."

The large number of business cards in this column shows how thoroughly the business and of the pure and simple union can be worked at so much an inch when the publishers of the paper are hustlers. Occupying a conspicuous space in this list appears the following card:

BUILDERS' HARDWARE, BARBER & ROSS.

In another column there is another conspicuous head which runs like this: "Do Not Want Our Patronage." The following firms have declared against the interests of organized labor, and are not regarded as deserving their patronage."

Then follows a list of these enemies of the working class, and right up next to the top there beetles forth this arrangement of type:

BARBER & ROSS.

When the pure and simple is told in one column of Gompers' paper that Barber & Ross are the friends of organized labor, and in another column on the same page that Barber & Ross are the enemies of organized labor, he will quite likely be able to reach a lucid conclusion as to the real position of Barber & Ross.

PRINTER.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 13.

Labor Lieutenants of Capital in Session at San Francisco.

To the DAILY PEOPLE.—The capitalist press of the West, knowing as well as its cousin of the East, how simple a thing it is for the Labor Lieutenants of Capital to disarm and bind and foot the pure and simple trades unions, and render them as harmless as a baby in swaddling clothes, outdid itself in the way of showering a mass of bonquets and flower-pots at the main props of Labor Fakirdom here, the California State Federation of Labor (C), which recently held a convention in San Francisco.

In all material respects the make-up of this gathering of pure and simple was not differ from the Eastern brand. The labor fakir and political crook, the broad, tolerant borer from within Socialists and the irrepressible freak were all in evidence. The dominant idea, the ambition overtopping all others of this aggregation of dupes and political-labor crooks was, according to the capitalist press, to become affiliated with "the most powerful labor organization in the world, the A. F. of L. . . . That the A. F. of Hell, as its English Horganizers call it, is the powerful ally of the capitalist class, no one acquainted with its past history and present outrages on the working class will attempt to deny. But the statement that the A. F. of L. is "the most powerful labor organization in the world" would make even the man in the moon hold his sides with laughter as well as sorely tempt the same individual to stuff cotton in his nose.

The chairman of the convention made the usual pure and simple remarks, a few excerpts of which follow:

"The labor movement of our State has never been stronger numerically than it is to-day; may its growth in numbers be accompanied by a proportionate growth in understanding and discretion."

"The San Francisco Labor Council, recognizing the obligation to take the lead for the further unification of our fellow workers has realized throughout its efforts in this direction that success or failure will wait upon us as we are guided by wisdom and experience or by blind enthusiasm and factional rivalry."

"Participation in labor councils and labor conventions by men holding political positions was the question uppermost at the second day's session of the convention. For nearly four hours the "outs and ins" of political jobs kept up a windy cross fire of words. Late in the night session the convention eliminated the section relating to this subject from the constitution, thereby making it possible for those holding political jobs to retain their active membership in the unions."

The section that worried the "outs and ins" read: "No person occupying any political office by appointment or otherwise, or who may be a candidate for the same shall be eligible to a seat in the convention."

Not a few delegates were members of that political labor freak organization, "The National Executive Committee

Party," and no doubt these must have been enthused with the hallucination that notwithstanding the fact that a majority of the delegates supported their masters at the ballot box they were "Socialists at heart." To ascertain the number of hearts that were throbbing with Socialism one of them presented a resolution urging upon the members of the convention the study of the theories and practices of Socialism. "Out of eighty hearts twenty-five were found with Socialistic beats."

Among the notable freak resolutions were the following: one making provision by legislative enactment for the imposition of a penalty of \$300,000 on shipbuilders who employ other than American citizens on American warships—laid on the table on the ground that it was "opposed to the international labor laws."

The resolution was aimed at the Cramps and the Union Iron Works, both of which establishments were said to employ large numbers of foreigners.

Another resolution called upon the legislature to enact a law releasing workingmen in construction camps from any obligation to pay seventy-five cents a day for the meal furnished in such camps, and allowing them to eat where they pleased.

With what ball-balloon tenacity the "pure and simple" can cling to the shirt tail of capitalism will be illustrated at Sacramento where the Executive Committee of the State F. of L. will urge upon the Legislature an innumerable lot of petty reform measures.

Down with the fakirized economic organization with its capitalist class politics. Up with the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance and the uncompromising fighting Socialist Labor Party, the only economic and political organizations worthy and capable of fulfilling the high and noble mission of the working class—the emancipation of the human race.

E. B. MERCADIER.

San Jose,

Result of the General Vote for Members of the National Executive Committee, S. L. P.

SECTIONS	CANDIDATES													
	1. Peter Fiebigler	2. John Hammer	3. Eber Forbes	4. August Gillhaus	5. John T. Keveney	6. Joseph Katz	7. Adolph Klein	8. Bernard O'Toole	9. Charles G. Tsch	10. Timothy Walsh	11. Herman Eckstein	12. Adam Moore	13. William A. Kelly	14. Joseph Schauer
ARIZONA:														
Phoenix	9	8	0	8	9	6	6			1		1		1
CALIFORNIA:														
Los Angeles Co.	34	28	27	25	29	26	9	11	4	12	28	8	11	7
San Francisco	15	16	14	14	14	14	11	4	2	4				2
San Jose	20	23	23	21	21	9	3	5	3	20	21	3		3
San Joaquin Co.	10	10	10	10	10	10	10							
Member at large	1	1	1	1	1	1	1							
COLORADO:														
Denver	18	18	17	13	14	15	12	7	6	6	1	2	2	2
Mea Co.	7	7	7	5	4	4	5	1	1	1	1	3		
Olathe	10	10	10	10	10	10	10							
CONNECTICUT:														
Hartford	14	14	13	11	10	10	10	4	7	3	3			2
New Britain	17	17	15	10	17	12	1	6			1			7
Plainfield	7	7	7			7								
Rockville, No. 1	12	12	12	12	12	12	12							
South Norwalk	8	8	8	8	8	8	8							
ILLINOIS:														
Chicago	22	21	22	19	10	22	9	11	4	5	2	2	3	3
Collinsville	8	8	8	8	8	8	8							
Edwardsville	8	8	8	8	8	8	8							
Jacksonville	18	10	9	6	9	8	5	2	3	1	6	1	1	1
Peoria	10	9	10	5	2	8	10	3	2	6	3	3	2	2
INDIANA:														
Indianapolis	25	25	25	25	25	25	25							
IOWA:														
Clinton	12	12	12	12	12	12	12							
Davenport	5	5	5	5	5	5	5							
KENTUCKY:														
Fedach	12	12	12	12	12	12	12							
Newport	9	9	2			7	9	2	9		7			7
MARSHALLS:														
Boston	38	47	35	28	36	34	28	23	25	14	13	8	7	2
Everett	14	10	11	11	11	9	4	2	11	6	6	2	3	4
Fall River	9	9	10	1	9	8	9	8						
Haverhill	5	6	6	5	5	7	5	2	3	3	1	3	4	1
Holyoke	9	9	9	9	9	9	9							
Lawrence	9	9	9	7	9	8	7	2	4	2	2	4	3	3
Lynn	10	8	14	8	11	9	1	15	9	7	1	4	8	4
Medford	7	6	6	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	1		1	
Malem	6	7	7	7	7	7	7	2	1			1		
Somerville	7	7	6	5	2	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	6	2
Taunton	8	8	7	7	7	7	7	1	1	1	1	1		
Woburn	8	8		8	8		8							8
MINNESOTA:														
Duluth	18	15	15	15	15	13				2				
Minneapolis	19	15	17	16	13	14	6	11	5	10	5	8	7	
Red Wing	5	4	4	4	5	5	6	1						1
St. Paul	11	14	12	13	6	9	3	6	6	7	14	7	1	
Winona	11	11	11	10	10	10	1	1						
Members at large	8	7	6	6	5	8	5	2	2	2	1	1	2	1
MARYLAND:														
Baltimore	17	17	17	6	18	18	1	18	2	2	1			12
MICHIGAN:														
Detroit	18	16	14	13	15	17	12	9	4	8	8	8	6	4
Holland	4	4	3	3	4	1	1	3			3			2
Member at large	1	1	1	1	1		1				1			1
MISSOURI:														
St. Louis	14	20	20	17	20	20	13	5						11
MONTANA:														
Butte	8	8	8	8	8	8	8							
NEW JERSEY:														
Hudson Co.	22	17	14	26	26	17	11	24	14	16	2	3	3	1
Passaic Co.	10	9	9	10	7	4	2	5	6	1				4
Union Co.	14	16	16	11	16	11	8	9		5				5
NEW YORK:														
Albany	0	0	6	2	8	7	4	6	2	6	3	4	4	5
Buffalo	35	25	25	24	25	1	25	22		2				
Gloversville	11	12	10	9	10	11	9	1	1		1			1
Pekskill	8	8	7	4	8	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
Monroe Co.	9	9	9	5	6	8	5	4	3	1	1	2		1
Newburgh	8	3	1	1	3		1							2
New York	115	246	250	254	108	307	183	181	170	145	70	66	74	
New York, Scand.	23	22	22	17	11	12	11	9	22	5	10	2	7	5
Richmond Co.	11	10	10	10	7	8	4	7	2	1	4			3
Schenectady	12	12	12	12	12	12	12							
Troy	12	12	12	12	12	12	12							
Utica	6	5	6	6	5		6	6	2	9	1	1	2	1
Woodhaven	12	12	12	12	12	12	12							
Yonkers	11	12	9	12	10	12	6	7	1	6	2	7	2	2
OHIO:														
Akron	10	10	10	10	10	10								
Butler	4	4	4	4	4	4								
Dayton	10	10	9	10	9	9	6	5			2			
Canton	9	9	8	9	9	9	8	1	1					1
Cincinnati	8	8	8	8	8	5	2	1	3	8	1	1		2
Cleveland	33	60	53	77	51	82	70	28	20	2	18	13	18	13
Columbus	7	7	7	7	7		7				7			7
Members at large	7	5	6	8	6	6	5	1	1					1
PENNSYLVANIA:														
Allentown Co.	105	104	101	103	96	102	91	22	19	24	14	24	24	15
Allentown	6	6	6	6	6	6	6							
Bethlehem	8	8	8	8	8	8	8							5
Berks Co.	7	7	7	7	7	7	7							5
Blair Co.	11	6	6	6	5	10	2	7	4	8	2	3	4	4
Dubois	1	2	2	2	2	2	1	8	2	2	1	2	8	2
Eliz	12	12	12	12	12	12	12							
Kane	6	5	6	7	5	5	5	2	5	1	2	1		
Philadelphia	14	11	13	13	13	13	8	6	1	5	5	6	2	
Quakertown	4	4	4	4	4	4	4							
Scranton	4	4	4	4	4	4	4							
Stateville	13	13	13	13	13	12	9							
Walker Mills	4	3	3	3	1	4	4							
Wick Haven	12	12	12	12	12	12	12							
Yohogany	50	50	50	50	50	50	50							
RHODE ISLAND:														
Pawtucket	7	8	4	6	5	6	3	7	4	5	8	3	6	5
Providence	62	62	62	62	62	61	61	61	40		7	40	7	
TEXAS:														
San Antonio	10	7	10	8	8	8	10	1	9	1	8	6		
VERMONT:														
Barre	17	20	19	16	18	22	14	10	13	12	11	8	15	11
Bella	1	14	14			1	1	1	14	13	14			15
VIRGINIA:														
Newport News	9	10	4	7	3	9	7	3	8	6	6	1	4	7
Richmond	9	13	9	7	12	8	9	4	1	8	1	2	3	4
Roanoke	8	8	8	8	8	8	8							
WASHINGTON:														
Paseo	6	5	5	5	5	5	5							
Spokane	7	7	7	7	7	7	7							
Tacoma	8	8	8	8	8	8	8							
WISCONSIN:														
Rhinelander	6	7	6	6	6	6	6	1	3	3	1	2	1	2
Milwaukee	14	14	13	7	9	9	8	4	6	1	2	9	4	
TOTAL	1635	1551	1539	1574	1530	1504	1087	361	587	306	312	316	342	253

OFFICIAL

NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE
Henry Kuhn, Secretary, 2-6 New Reade street, New York.

SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY OF CANADA
F. J. Darch, Secretary, 119 Dundas street, Market square, London, Ontario.

NEW YORK LABOR NEWS COMPANY
2-6 New Reade street. (The Party's literary agency.)

Notice: For technical reasons, no Party announcements can go in that are not in this office 7 Tuesdays, 10 p. m.

NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

The regular meeting of the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Labor Party was held at the DAILY PEOPLE Building on Saturday evening, January 26, Sauter in the chair.

Receipts, \$50.46; expenditures, \$73.11.

The National Secretary reported having compiled the vote for members of the National Executive Committee, the same resulting as follows:

Peter Fiebigler, 1,625
Julius Hammer, 1,531
Eber Forbes, 1,516
August Gillhaus, 1,374
John T. Keveney, 1,329
Rudolph Katz, 1,324
Adolph Klein, 1,087
Charles G. Tsch, 527
Bernard O'Toole, 501
Timothy Walsh, 363
William A. Kelly, 332
Adam Moore, 316
Herman Eckstein, 313
Joseph Schauer, 253

The following seven persons, having received the highest vote, are elected members of the National Executive Committee: